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THE
RHAPSODY
... OF A ...
RUINED HOME

✓
BY WESLEY VANDERCOOK.

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A TRIP TO HEAVEN AND CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.

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. . . "I had rather be a toad and live upon
the vapour of a dungeon, than keep a corner in the
thing I love for others uses." . . .

Shakespeare.



INTRODUCTION.

THE greatest wrong that man can do to man
Has roused the mind of wronged from former happy calm.
Maybe the villian's friends would have for say iusane,
And for a fact their acts have left their awful stain
And though the wronged mind may with its visions roam,
This, here recorded, wholly from villian's acts have grown—
To roam, and yet to hold by that which was the real.
And though unbalanced, with nought but fact and truth will deal.
Not for advantage gained in all that's of its page,
Not for gain of plaudit from critic or from sage.
But if the mind is lost, and told of in this verse,
The proof will be in truth that is in it dispersed;
And not with flowery freedom of well and rational mind
Do seek to write up this with untruth to make it sell.
Maybe that proof will suffice for a backwood's county court,
Which of this country's kind for ought but truth resort.
When man who of this kind would have it other way,
If it be so, the wronged one has nought for bribe to pay;
Let that be as it is, I know, and am defiant.

When that rascally lawyer who had me for his client
Had robbed me of all on earth to my poor heart held dear,
Yet in this country's court he was to me a peer,
Not any hope of right against this lawyer fiend;
No friend with cry of hold! there has enough been done—
Wife, children, home, all taken, enough with this begun,
Hold then your hand from act that is to God so vile,
Stain not with perjury, bribery, to honored name defile;
No cry of stop, no brotherhood to do a promised act—
No helping hand to stop a lie with truth and ample fact.
What oaths were those were made within the mystic five
When promises sought to claim, against great wrongs to strive?
What shame is in the souls of all who drank from mystic cup.
What sorrow to be told if all that's sworn must gulp;
To gulp in other world, at throne of Him who was called
As witness to the words with cup of death's sweet gall.
Will He, as they, think nought because not famed with wronged?
Will lack of fame dispose of words, of dismal midnight gong,
With that I hold my peace, of oaths I could but sue,
Let God with that now deal, let devil's have their due;
Let those who held their hand to help a brother's sorrow
In this world live their time, not hope for heaven's morrow.
Though that that's here engraved will look absurd as facts.
And all may be a dream, born of a mind distract;
So much the worse for those who would not keep an oath
With injured brother sworn, who, wrongs have crazed forsooth.

PREFACE.

A STORY of childhood's early days
With verses few, for pleasant praise
To thus begin, that all may tell
Those happy thoughts will sorrow quell.

With youthful hours of happy play
And nought of wrong to bring dismay;
But thought of it, sad heart to still,
And hope from it, my soul it drilled.

Then with approach to later life,
Before the fate with sinful wife;
Thus for a step with manhood gained
To time of horror, when honor stained.

Thus to the story that I'm to write
Of sorrow black as darkest night
That is with day 'twas all despair,
Sweet sleep that brought the angel pair,

The task, though great, is well impressed
On memory's page to aid success;
The pen, though slow, to thoughts convey,
Gives mind the time to past survey.

Survey in parts, that which was wrong,
A subject poor for any song;
Survey a field of bitter weeds,
No lack for truth, no lie will need.

Survey a second field of flowers
With memory had of sweetest hours;
Survey with hope, by heaven endowed
Of sweetest love, with brightest cloud.

Two fields that are so wide in space,
As heaven and hell—but one disgraced;
Disgrace of which the one in hell
The worse, and which must never tell.

With night was sweetest heaven's dreams;
With heaven beauties maybe was seemed;
Yet for a fact embrace was had
Though man may say that mind was mad.

But with the truth will stay and tell
Of happy hours in insane spell,
Of bliss enjoyed with two ~~who~~ were made
"By God in heaven"—~~types then~~ *with whom* I played.

Two made for me, as angel told:
Not to another will they be sold.
Two born in heaven, no sin have known,
Who are of God for me alone.

These as reward for deeds on earth,
With heaven for home in heaven had birth,
An angel's promise that for my time,
The day depart to seek heaven's clime.

They will prepare sweet home for me;
It was they who said: "We wait for thee.
For we were made, to thee possess;
With thee to live and thee caress."

From heaven dream to earth again,
Await my time, must yet remain
In other fields, a work to do;
The angel said not work to rue.

The other field to be surveyed,
Within it now our camp array;
A field, though full of bitter weeds,
Can not add shame to sorrow's seed.

A field to enter, a world to brave
With burdened soul for sorrow saved;
A field of danger, of greatest chance,
Expose, deprave, though death menace.

Thus to the task will be applied
Thoughts of the past, not side by side;
Awake in hell, asleep in heaven;
The home of earth, from it was driven.

That which will come, with heaven reached
Have not a fear though God beseech
With angel's promise, on mind is burned
A work for which to earth returned.

Of those who read may there be some
With sympathy, and thus begin
To blameless hold the burdened heart
For later acts, to ^{be} ~~take~~ its part.

All others would, if they could know
A sorrow like this breast can show—
Crazed with remorse by blackest sin,
Insane would be, must task begin.

If man will think of his own home
That from his work of life has grown,
Of children whom he loved to meet,
They who his coming always greet.

Then will he think how it would be
If a noted man his wife to see
Must drive him from that home of his,
Would he not then do worse than this.

Or, if he would, walk out and say
Kind sir, my all to take you may;
Don't mind expense, you to enjoy,
And I will work to keep your toy.

Let him blame me, for that I do
To him alone for pardon sue.
The other man who home would hold,
Let him not blame for this that's told.

THE RHAPSODY OF A RUINED HOME.

I

CHILDHOOD.

THE brightest hours of life
Are with the child,
In pleasant sport will strive
Time to beguile.

Each day is for itself
Such happy ways,
And pleasant thoughts of elf—
Of evil, nay.

If work should be its sport,
Toil, that is joy;
To mischief will resort
And good alloy.

Alloy to strengthen thought
It can not hide,
The mischief count for nought
But pleasant chide.

Each night with all forget
Sweet rest will come;
Dream more happiness begot
With heaven won.

Heaven, yes if known in life
In childhood's dream,
Even heaven's best may rifle,
Or heaven demean.

Though dreams be joys on earth
As wished by day,
It is thus heaven thoughts have birth
As place for play.

Sweet hope so born to live
In infant years,
Such blessing nature gives
To offset tears.

From dreams that are sublime
Sweet child to wake,
Would happy world decline
If choice could take.

Choice with the dream to stay
Or mother greet,
From dreamlands shore sweet play
Awake to weep.

To weep in mother's arms,
Earth's sweetest place;
Dreams for it had more charms,
Would heaven grace.

And angels have for mates
Such pretty ones,
Sweet ways such rapid rate,
To soar, not run.

Those hills the child would climb
When wide awake;
Those rivulets would cross
For glory's sake.

In dreamland high peaks obtain
With swiftest soar;
Wide rivers cross before
The thought is o'er.

Earth, child, such haste to sleep;
Playmates to find.
'T must make the angels weep
Such heights to climb.

When infant soul ascends,
"Sweet body rest;"
From world desires to wend
With heavens best.

And only when fast asleep,
To heaven dreamed;
When soul was new would weep,
From heaven redeemed.

If God would only keep
The infant soul,
When only sin would reap—
Make hell its goal;

What sorrow 'twould defeat
In worlds below!
What happy hearts would beat—
Not sorrow know.

Not we who know the best
Must thank for dreams;
Sweet blessings are our rest
If hearts be clean.

This one without the sins
Blessed, we are told;
When happy dreams begin,
Then dreams are gold.

So peaceful is its sweet rest,
No care to hold;
So merciful the Savior blessed
These of his fold.

From dreams again awake
More days to know
On earth, may heaven make,
If good be sown.

While days are coming fast
Mind too must gain
Child thoughts too sweet to last,
Yet good remain.

Possession—thought acquired,
Toys to it come;
Things that are most desired
For them they run.

Then with the thought to keep
That which is gained;
For loss of toys must weep—
Begin heart pain.

Each day like one before
Though years are few;
New toys at times adore
New sports pursue.

With usefulness to teach
In gradual way,
Youth's life in time will reach,
And brighter day.

Yes, happy hours abide
With school as task,
In mind through life to hide,
'Twill ever last.

This time of life is best
When time has passed;
Sweet thought of it is rest
From hardship's mask.

Yet hours of rest are joys
From school to steal,
And run in fields with boys—
Hard rest, yet real.

Rest, climbing cliffs and trees;
Rest pulling oars;
Rest wading creeks, to knees;
Sweet rest out-doors.

Nought sweeter than this rest,
But rest from it;
Each night in happy nest
From play sweet rest to get.

With it new mind is trained
To look ahead,
Happy holiday to obtain,
School books not dread.

Thus brighter hours before
In brighter day,
Air castles in sport out-door,
Real castles they.

To make the plan for them
Youth's architect,
Plans that will make good men
All to respect.

Plans now for store in pen,
Pins are their coin;
Mud pies and cakes—for them
~~for them~~ would ^{pins} purloin.

Purloin, oh no! just take
When no one's near,
Imagination make—
Pins, coin so dear.

What wonder things to buy
In vacant pen;
The merchant need not cry
Or wares defend.

Pen store in orchard stands
Fruit thickly lay,
For apples no demand,
Bananas they.

No thought or word complained
Of fraud with them;
Sour fruit, sweet orange vain
On apple stem.

Who says not heaven gained
When children sleep,
With miracle power obtained
Not thought that's deep.

When of these things in play
Such wonders see
Sour apples do not stay,
Sweet fruit they be.

If man this power had
For change to suit,
What burdened hearts be glad
With sweetened fruit.

What happy homes in crowd
And room so small,
If mind could field endow
And pleasant hall.

Endow with happy mind
As children do,
Heaven power will need to find
Like soul that's new.

What wonder things possess,
Not of that seen
If mind of man invest
Like hills of green.

What fields and countries grand
Would travel through;
What oceans cross, and lands,
Coach, vessels new.

What wonder things would do—
Applause obtain—
If simple thought pursued
Could good detain.

Poor man of fate—not faith—
If heaven would gain,
Can you not see the way,
With God remain.

And grasp the thought as proof,
Though power be lost;
The child beneath your roof
Has without cost.

Not power endowed with birth
But Heaven's remains,
Must live for bodies' worth—
Not Heaven detain.

Man though lost in dream
Must task pursue,
Task again to seem,
Day dreams not rue.

Yet as a child to gain
We know to think,
With latent power remains
Sweet thoughts to drink.

Now back to wonder store
With mind begin
To step, o'er top the door;
What noise within?

That which they say, a thought
Must enter in
From verse of stray it brought
Almost a sin.

While men thought to regain
The children's way,
They, busy ones, be men;
We drink, they say.

We drink—must do as men—
With water sweet;
Sweet with molasses strained,
One pin a drink.

Oh, play be on a spree!
Poor pen, alas!
Just you and me, we three,
Broke Mama's glass.

Now hush, don't tell the thought,
You must not know;
From new set Mama bought
Let's have a show.

A show! Oh, now hurrah!
How quick forgot
The hay mow all en route,
The glass was not.

And now let me be clown
To tell the joke.
You jump and tumble down,
Swing high with rope.

Such cry as they can make
Performers all,
Or from the girls to take
Pins if they call.

Play on, dear boys, nor stay
A thought to give,
The time you have now got
Worth that to live.

Worth life to live this age
That all will tell,
Rich man, or yet will sage
It's memory sell.

Companionship is then
A word with chime,
Friendship that is with them,
With man sublime.

Through life to hold the heart
With close embrace,
In world, though wide apart
Sweet thoughts of face.

Could youth see that beyond
High ^{futures} fortune's wall,
From o'er its top sweet sound
Not heed its call.

Nor search its side for door
To make escape,
But linger with thought before
Would change estate.

Not man that's gone ahead
Can stop his pace,
The door, though he should dread,
To it will race.

Alas, that now Youth sees,
Put spurs to steed;
And hasten, though not a need
For greater speed.

Good name of horse he rides,
Ease in its lope,
A name to long abide;
Oh, thank ful “hope!”

Hope carried to the sill
When Youth alights,
Faith governed all the will
To future's light.

Sleek charger of the past
Has served its time,
Can in the future rest
From toil sublime.

The happiest days of youth
Are at its end,
With brightest hours of hope
Begin the man.

The flickering light at close
Gives brighter ray
And dreams of youth exposed
Begin the day.

The past will have its charm
For life that's real,
When time has with its arms
Impressed its seal.

The charm will quickly pass
With view before,
Not man will cry alas,
At future's door.

The door within a wall
Defies all scale,
When future made the call
To promises' sale.

For future castles bright
Make highest bid,
For only that that's right
While sin is hid.

From view of future's door.
But that that's good
For those that look before
No evil would.

Green groves with castles high,
Bright flowers bloom,
All charm that catch the eye
In future's room.

Sweet face of all that's seen
With fairy wand,
Looks to'ards the wall between
Youth and the man.

And though the scene may change
With hopeful dream
New views come in the range;
'Twill brighter seem.

No thought of scene so grand
Which moves apace,
As made by fairy's wand—
The real^d disgrace.

From youth to man with change
Of dreaming time,
From night to day new strange
Day dreams sublime.

The doorway entered now
With jeweled latch,
With transformation bow
Pull string attached.

A string that hangs for all
From side that's past,
Not way to make recall
From side that's last.

Bright heart that stands within
The door now past,
New life must now begin
For latch is fast.

Not all that man may win
On side now gained
Can latch-string reach; within
Must man remain.

The brightness that he found
In future space
Was beauty all around;
Not yet disgrace.

From door near which he stands
Grand is the view;
Paved streets by castles wind
Way to the new.

The new—what will it be?
Which road to take?
Not end of one can see
'Round future's lake.

Will chance help to the best
If youth go blind?
Why then were made the rest
If not good destined?

The roads, why they are there
To lead away
To future, each with stain
To wrong delay.

That search, for heart that's good
May gain the best,
By paths will lead through wood
To place of rest.

Rest—when the man has grown
With years of gain;
Rest from the harvest sown,
Though sin may stain.

Rest while the crop matures
If good or bad;
Seed sown will be secured
With harvest had.

Of that will say with page
With this before,
And here would hold the rage
At future's door.

Now that the man's within
New life to live,
Nought to him is of sin
All good would give.

Will tell of that beyond
Youths past dispersed
With chime of other sound
With other verse.

II.

YOUTHMAN.

INTRODUCTION.

Now stands the youth on man's side of the wall
In hesitating wait for future's call,
Though quick is hope to set the mind at work
For youth who has no thought to duty shrink,
And while in dream of life that's new to him
With thoughts of good in worlds that is of sin.
What brightness comes within the view of one
Who has the tasks of wicked world begun,
What castles high to be where nought exists,
What beauty palace, open fields consist,
Such parks of bloom as man may never see
Surround the lawns with flowering bush and tree
And lake of water clear with shaded shore
That swans of purest white gracefully glide o'er.
Such place companions love for pleasant talk
When through the winding way they drive or walk,
With path of flowers sweet for border shade
Each step to gain more beauty view of glade,
Or gazing onward through the open space
Where circle track exists for practice race
And thoughts bring forth the swift and noble steed

That youth would mount to quicken future's speed,
Or spot near lake where lawn refuse to stay
A leveled place for pleasure game—croquet,
For whiling time of rest as had in dream
With sweet companions near 'twill sweeter seem ;
Though mind may make in thought a Heaven here
God's nature made youth's thoughts of future cheer,
Though it be remnant of the soul begun
Air castle building wanes with youth as run.
The nature Gods, with heaven made for souls
For them as they could know, not then withhold
But love he had that caused the thoughts for place
For them to dwell. Though Heaven, for them to grace
His nature gave to man who Heaven's dream
As they would have for these who angles seem.
Like God so man must love that of the real,
To think of beauty when with earth angels deal,
For though they build with only wish and thought
And though the Heaven had is but that dream has brought
'Tis made for home of one that is or would be gained
And never thought of one who would the Heaven stain.
Again, as God has planned for new soul made on earth
When called to join with body new in birth,
How sweet the babe that's formed by nature's plan
Where never thought that sin to enter can,
And with the man who gives his heart in love
Where it has gone "yet wise" and think of dove,

No thought of power made to change the white
From pure (as was at first) to dark of blackest night.
As God does love all souls so sweet with birth
To make the Heaven bright for those of worth
And as he drops those who in their sins invest
Leave them for hell to be the devil's guest,
So does the man with one who gains his heart
Prepare her home in fact, no thought to part.
How quick if virtue stray and herd with sin
How quick God's nature shows in soul of him.
As God would let the one of sin depart
So man will tear a wanton from his heart.
All this the youth in dream of hope escapes
With never thought that sin can ever rape
The dreams of bliss that future has in store
Are his; in happy thought be evermore
And never thought to think that one he gains
Will be the one to sin, and others stain.
Oh happy youth, who lets the future shine
With thought of angel face and grace to chime,
Oh happy time, when dream can Heaven bring
With sweet companion, hear an angel sing;
Build then your heaven on earth, a time you may
If angel gained in virtue white may stay;
But if by lowest birth you could not guess
Then will with time be virtue in request;
The heaven make by you may be in fact,

And though in it you dwell, hell your contact.
How noble then is thought of future life
To make the mind of man think "angel" wife,
When thought is had at first before a sin
At early time of life would angel win;
Then as the youth enjoys the dreams to come
Will for the lines of this with memory bring
Be as the star that's gone to shine no more
When lost in space beyond his heaven door.
When youth is wise with dreams of castles air
His task to do if he would be their heir
With strife in life for home to be obtained
Not leave to chance for castles never rain;
Though work is named by man as bitter toil
And though at time it may appear as foil
Yet will with strife be gained a step advance,
That changes toil to name of affluence;
With it as title gained with dreams the while
Will labor be as play for fortune's smile.
Again will nature aid with thoughts of joy,
When less is gained then dream in youth's employ
And higher castles had in thought as man begun,
Have changed to cottage plan to meet the riches won,
With no regret of loss for any of the grand
And not a thought to mourn for loss of palaces planned;
But sweeter is the hope of cottage to be had
While planning is the man in earth's sublimest glad

Though never to complete as formed at first in mind;
With beauty not in world can he its equal find
When in his heart complete, its rooms of shining bright
And flowers around to bloom constantly day and night.
'Tis ever thus that man will think to make his home
Before an angel gained and while he dwells alone;
With thought of happy home within his heaven here
Of sorrow never think, of trouble never fear.

Youthful man with his ambition,
Not a thought to hold the past,
Disappointed not with failure,
Not a thought to gain so fast,
Not discouraged, pushing onward,
Dream by night of future riches,
Rise with sun now having rested,
Riches come with dreams of day,
Road as taken, not rejected,
Past that gone can not retrace,
Pushing onward, bright in hope.
Second day, as day to come,
Days of future, search of future
Fortune gathered by the roadway,
Solely gathered by the roadway,
Roadway to the future leading,
Leading to the haven sought for,

Thoughts of castles, not the high ones,
Not the castles of the entrance,
Entrance through the wall of manhood,
Days of travel, loss of brightness,
Not of hope for objects real,
Mind contented, plans successful,
Values make the castles cottage,
Gain of fortune, gain of knowledge,
Thought compares to make the real,
Compares with objects. Those are wanted
Values real obtained by labor,
Work that's done at time of travel,
Working ever, gain in plenty,
Loss in hope, in dream of future—
Not the dreams the work that's gaining,
Labor constant, onward ever,
Often led to by-paths tempting,
Often found with distant danger,
Danger in a by-path roadway,
Danger lurking in the hedges
Often pluck the flowers of pleasure;
Pleasant task to stop the travel,
Often pleasure's rest for better
Mind releaved of task in struggle,
Soul and heart oft fed for better
Harm not done in by-path's roadway;
Losses gain for future caution,

Errors lessen hurt of losses,
Heart the gainer in the pleasures,
Soul not caring, satisfaction,
Sin abhorred by soul's companion,
Heart and soul are brothers real,
Body happy—fate bequeathed that
Make up not against each other,
Sin abhorred or be abandoned
Not hard struggle for procedure,
For the good that's in the pathway
Hope in starting dreams of day;
Hope now strengthened with the gain,
Gain of objects heart's desire,
Pleasant pleasure, can obtain.
Pleasant now the hope of future,
Future seeming not the nearer,
Yet of future which is gained,
Brightened by experience plenty;
Castles sought at first of splendor,
Now the thought of home for future,
Sweet the search of every by-path,
Sweet the thought of home to plan,
Beauty grows in nature's woodland,
Grand the forest to remodel,
Spot that chosen bright with nature,
Tempting place for rest from travel,
Tempting will be when the man

With his nature-changing plan
Burn the brushwood, cut the thistle,
Trim the forest, cut the scrubs,
Plough the garden, tile the marshes,
Smoother the whole to scatter seed,
Seed the lowland, seed the high,
Set in grove the evergreen,
Plant the vines, the fruiting bushes,
Trees of plenty, of every kind,
Trees that are of climate know,^m
Trees for fruiting, trees for flowers,
Trees of shade to hold the vines,
Arrange in bowers more for beauty,
Fruit trees planted mixed with others,
Bushes fruiting, more of flowers
^{ared}
~~Please~~ to suit to catch the eye,
Sit beneath the shade of cherry,
Pick the berry, pick the currant,
Hang the basket on the apple,
Rasp and black of berries plenty,
Fill the baskets, fill the boxes,
Work of pleasure, work for hours,
Fruit that's later, harvest coming,
Vine abundant loaded each year,
Trees are laden, limbs dependent
Props to hold the golden load,
Sweetest toil that of the storing,

Pleasure work the fruit procuring,
Glad the task for fruit trees careing,
Happy pain while rose bush tending,
Happy thought the thorn is stinging,
Prick offset with thoughts of bloom,
Sweet perfume of bushes flowering,
Sweeter still the work of cutting,
Happy maids the youthman's neighbors,
Happy friends to gather flowers,
Gather roses more than all flowers,
Maidens gather baskets, scissors
Though not of the bush depriving,
Thoughts of room as ornamenting,
Bright the table, sweeter bread,
Bright with blooming flowers all summer,
Appetites are made the better
For the gathering of the roses,
Gathering berries, fruits or flowers,
Lost the youthman, lost in pleasure,
Cottage grown midst, trees of forest
Grown in beauty with surrounding,
Grown in heart, soul inspiring,
Cottage real, not one of magic,
Not of the air, of future's door,
Not a castle of a day dream
But beauty cottage for the man
All completed, all as perfect,

Planned by youthman of his mind,
Lonesome young man in his heaven,
Lonesome when his heart consulted,
When consulted, then awakened,
Born a blessing, heart is gladdened
With the thought sweet one possessing,
Soul and heart rejoice in common,
Body urge, mind now awakened,
Happy time to seek companion,
With the home now all completed,
In the midst of growing orchard,
Bordered with the blooming flowers,
Of the border with the hedges,
Flowers that mingle with the trees,
Thoughts of flower, the sweeter are
Ever blooming rose must be;
Sweeter rose and ever blooming,
Angel must be fairest creature,
Not companion of the young man,
Not the maid that's surely virtuous,
Not the beauties known in childhood,
Foolish young man seek the stranger,
Seek the beauty, greatest danger,
Thinking of a fair companion,
Thought of sweet companion greeting,
Of the home now made to share,
With sweetest one, a fairer creature,

Share, and yet would give to her
Home, field, orchard, all possessing,
To she who will the cottage grace;
Maidens passing, maidens coming,
Maidens wishing would possess
Those with riches, family pride,
Great in virtue, beauty plenty,
Error of the young man's life,
Should have married virtue knowing,
Known from childhood's happy day,
Known in family, known in virtue,
Virtue that with them would stay;
Playmates came to him in plenty,
Came to youthman in his garden,
Came but left him in his garden,
Maidens came to gather flowers,
Came with baskets, came in carriage,
Gathered roses in their baskets,
Other flowers with the roses
Maidens gathered in their baskets.
One that came, one that was fairest
Came with youthman in a bower,
Space that's walled with evergreens,
Covered with the climbing roses—
Roses climbing covered trees,
Covered bower of evergreens,
Rustic seat within the bower,

Place of rest for garden worker,
Place of refuge for the lovers,
Place for maid and youthful worker,
Rest from labor picking flowers,
Pleasant rest from pleasant labor,
Rest beneath the climbing roses;
Sweetest walls for lovers' bower,
Sweet perfumes for love in refuge
From without, no eye could see them—
Evergreens to close together,
From above the One not heed them,
Others could not reach the top—
Top that's covered with the roses,
Entrance forced between the bushes,
Only known to maid and lover,
Not be known to those without,
Sweet the hours of rest together
Had the maid and youthful lover,
Foolish youth thought maid too forward
In the bower in the orchard,
Maid who virtue still possesses.
After man had years of trouble
That that might had been avoided
Could the youth have known where differ
Sweet affections and not virtue,
Yet when later on in journey
Blindly does as shown hereafter,

Blindly chooses with affection,
Chooses from a lower people,
People who no virtue care for,
Chooses one not her respected,
Fairest one of hidden bower,
Beauty with good family honor,
Beauty with inherit virtue,
Chooses coming hell through heaven—
Not the heaven, heaven remaining
Would not give for public reading,
Love not for a public greeting,
Love that's pure, from virtue coming,
Held in lover's breast as secret,
Love of wanton for the reading,
Love that's gold will give the meeting,
For the public will the common
Give the public of the wanton,
Yet will tell as lover saw it.
Tell of people who are rustic,
Tell with blindness as was had,
Love with one by nature wanton,
Not of one who knows not virtue
As the man of trouble knows her,
Heart though yearning, soul inspiring,
Body needing, thought to haste,
Yet the youthman lingered daily
Hoping ever, hoping always,

Not despairing, toil a pleasure
While he waits his love to meet,
Now in palace, now in ballroom,
Now in journey distant land,
Many maidens, beauty plenty,
Wisdom ever, beauty graced,
Stop in cottage, roof with thatch,
Night on journey distant prairie,
Heaven not this made by people
Thought the youthman, now the traveler
Did not think of fair one dwelling
In the cottage with the thatched roof,
Patched-up cottage, mud at sill,
Swine predominating place,
Not a place for angel raising,
Raising angels with the swine,
Virtue taught companion teacher,
Maiden, swine are of a nature
Like the birds, they are of feather,
Home a scab to blooming prairie;
People learned to till the soil,
Not as others, not of culture,
Rustic ways to outside world,
Travel worn with journey lengthened,
Knowledge of the distant cottage
Gained at former inn of rest,
Strove to gain this inn of plenty,

Failed for time through distant glimmer,
From the open cottage doorway,
From the many village windows,
Light a beacon for the traveler,
Guiding footsteps in the pathway
To the cottage place of rest;
Now within the humble doorway,
Now before the dusty heater,
Air of evening cool in springtime,
Doors wide open—custom ancient,
People healthy, air for daytime
Not so night time, air rejected,
Room of rest not ventilated,
Guest not privileged to avoid it—
Must abide by custom rustic,
Such as known to cottage people;
Of the prairie village inn
Woman pleasant, wife of keeper,
Kindly heated—wrong not thought of,
Welcome stranger to our hearth,
Welcome to our table humble,
Welcome to such fare as we have,
Kindly was the man the keeper,
Pleasant words for pleasant rest.
Much to tell of prairie swine herd,
Breed of chicken, eggs the freshest,
Cows are plenty, milk the sweetest,

For the traveler cream that's pure,
Table sitting for the traveler,
Family supped before the sunset,
Supped on food though humble, plenty,
Weary traveler, supper ready,
Now draw up to that before you,
Blessings asked, obliging landlord
Not request of hungry traveler,
Thankful though for food on board—
Board of plenty, food substantial,
Sat the traveler, hungry guest,
Bread—salt-rising—was the sweeter,
Thoughts of home food years before,
This with eggs that's fresh inviting,
Sweet the milk with cream as mixture,
Cream as pure by him rejected;
Hardly had begun his supper
When a virgin stood in doorway,
Sweetest vision for the young man,
Stood in doorway with the milk pail,
Stood the maiden of the prairie,
Of Iowa's golden land,
Visions yes of heaven thought he—
Thought the youthful traveler,
Not the maiden's timid entrance,
Not the simple prairie habit,
Not the look toward traveler seated,

Brightest thought of heaven visions,
Beauty here for youthful man,
Face and form with shimmering ringlets,
Curls of nature—not of hot iron,
Cheeks of roses, color nature's,
Chimes of sweetness, voice of beauty,
Thought the man forgot the supper,
Thought he who was now in search of,
Beauty though like this not thought of,
Object of his present travel,
Beauty for a wife would find,
Not a thought of prairie beauty
As one having blackest soul,
Not a thought of skin deep beauty
With the simple prairie maid,
But had thought a wife to find
In the place beyond the prairie,
City of the eastward river.
Stop at wayside for refreshments,
Stop at night for journey weary
At the prairie village inn,
Near it church for all the people—
Church for people of the prairie,
Sabbath-day comes with next sunrise,
Sudden thought of youthful traveler,
Thought to rest in prairie village,
Thought to tarry for the Monday,

Not a thought of distant city,
Not a thought of haste to reach it,
Truth to tell of youthful traveler
Not a thought of any place now
But the home of prairie maid.
Evening passed in inn of village,
Door now closed for nights that's chilly,
Heat in stove from fuel of corncob,
Heat when fire is fed by maiden,
Fed from out the corncob basket
Held in hand of prairie maid,
Sweet the face when dust from basket
Catch the fire from top where entered,
Light from flash of cobs that's dusty,
Flash that brightens face of maid,
Early night when spoke the landlord,
Spoke of rest for all that's virtuous
At the time of country's custom
Sought their cots from day of toil,
Room for traveler, that of entrance,
Read the bible, read the chapter,
Sweet the custom of religion,
Prayers then given to the maker,
Prayers for home and for the prairie,
Prayers of thanks for food and garments,
Prayers for people, neighbors round them,
Hands to shake before withdrawing,

Shake with wishes good for traveler,
Hand of landlord, hand of mother,
Hand of prairie maid, the beauty,
Mind awake, with sleeping body,
Sweet the dream of beauty maid,
Thought in dream of her in cottage,
Cottage in the grove the orchard,
Cottage near the prairie city,
Happy dream of home prepared,
Happy dream of maid as in it,
Early morning early call,
Guest in room of breakfast table,
Early rise from pleasant dream,
Rise to greet the object of it,
Sweet the movements of the maid
While she sets the breakfast table,
Sweet the words she spoke at times
While o'er kitchen stove reclining,
Sweet the fragrant smell of ham
With the eggs now frying near it.
Sweeter all the food of table
Cooked by beauty prairie maid,
Though it be a day of rest,
Not a thought of home that's later,
Breakfast over then the sunrise,
Habit formed by prairie farmer,
Early feed and early milking,

Cows that's milked before the sunrise,
Milked by landlord in the morning,
Milked by milkmaid in the evening,
Maid that now prepares the breakfast,
Youthful traveler watches movements,
Watches maid now at the table,
Now at stove o'er food that's frying,
Slowly gaining words from maiden,
Slowly gaining new acquaintance,
Each desiring each to question,
Thinking words with which to speak,
Thinking words for the replying;
Now at table sits the traveler,
Stands the maid to do the waiting,
Then with blessing as in evening,
Blessings on the humble food,
Blessings lengthened in the morning,
Not the longer family prayer,
Not the bible chapter reading,
End the blessing, come the eating,
Comes the custom landlord's questions,
-Not refusal for the landlord,
Answers given, questions lengthened,
Answers given past requiring,
-For the fare the entertainment
Answers given to the landlord,
Sire of beauty prairie maid.

Youthful traveler now has told all,
Told of home prepared near city,
Told of orchard, and the garden
With the groves, the flowering roses,
Told of rooms so large and airy,
Even told of beds of wardrobe,
Carpets, kitchen, told of cellar,
Gladly told of all possessions,
Told in answer to the questions,
Silently the maiden listens—
Listens to the youthful traveler,
Sweetly smiles to answered questions,
Further questions from the father,
Questions as to youth's intentions,
Asking of his future travel,
Of the place, his destination,
Answers gave as had intended
To the sire of prairie maid,
Answer to his many questions
Gave for ear of one that's waiting,
Telling of intended journey
To the city of the river,
Not of search of life's companion,
Not of one to grace the cottage,
Listened beauty prairie maid,
Listened to all that's related,
Not with smiles nor yet with gladness,

Listened while the tears had started,
Tears not noticed by the father,
Neither noticed by the mother,
Maid had noticed youth had seen them,
Slowly walked into the kitchen,
Walked the maid to drive the tears back;
Thus the landlord spoke to traveler,
Spoke to youthman as a father,
Spoke not thinking of his daughter,
Why go farther, sayeth the landlord,
Why not tarry in our village,
Here the coal mine to be opened,
Here the railroad now is building,
When the church hour has been ended
Go with me to see the wonder,
See the homes at edge of village,
See the roofs—new enterprise—
With the hotel to be opened
Even with the morning's sun,
When poor fare such as I give you
Need not do for travelers,
Thus the landlord, kindly man,
Talks the wishes of his guest,
Talks him to obey his heart,
Gives excuse for change of plan,
No need to see the wonder shaft,
No need to see the railroad grade,

But would make glad the heart of maid,
Would see the smile behind the tears,
He will remain, the heart that spoke
Near the cottage in the cornlet,
In new hotel, pride of the village,
Thus the youthman tells intention
At the table of the breakfast,
Will abandon further journey
And will tarry in the village,
In the new prairie city,
When the maid hears that that's spoken
Smiles the beauty of the prairie,
Brightest smiles that speak of gladness,
Youth is quick to note her pleasure,
Food for hope of his intention
For the pleasure of his heart,
Maiden's smiles make happy traveler,
Smiles of maids make happy world,
Breakfast over work in kitchen,
Guest acquainted, gain of freedom—
Freedom for the talk to maid
While in kitchen washing dishes,
Talk that's pleasant to the traveler,
Talk of village, talk of people,
Then of church with talk of preacher,
Talk of choir, of which the leader
Is the beauty of the thatched inn,

Plays the organ, leads the singing
Does the maid who does the milking;
Anxious youth for hour of meeting
At the church this Sabbath day,
Anxious to hear voice of maiden
In the song, the sacred hymn,
Voice so sweet in work of kitchen,
Anxious he to worship that day,
Worship God and prairie maid,
Heart fast going out to maiden,
Would not hold it, seek to loose it,
Loss of heart his journey object,
Loose his heart and gain the beauty,
Happy man as happy that day,
Thought of that his dream would teach,
Thinking of his home in orchard,
Thinking of his loneliness,
Hope now for the prairie maid
In his home at edge of city,
In his rooms so high and airy,
In his kitchen, in his orchard,
In his door with welcome for him
When from labor come at night.
Now the church hour, pleasant time,
Come the people from the prairie,
Come the people from the village,
Many wagons hitched in churchyard,

Many more stand in the street,
Hands to shake each other greeting,
Friends who meet at country church,
Tell of corn, tell of the cattle,
Talk of cobs as used for fuel,
Now of coal mine soon to open,
Better coal than cobs for heat,
Talk of railroad, of the grading,
Of hotel now to be opened,
Happy village expectation,
Happy thought of future wealth,
Speaking some of time for ease
When the railroad is completed,
Only thought of others coming,
Wealth to bring for them that's here,
Only talk of them as serving
These the people of the village,
Not a thought of disposing,
Not a thought of overreaching
By new-comers, they the boomers,
For the growing prairie village,
Not a thought that they will labor
For the coming, merchant, railroad,
Not a thought but that the money
Paid by them to bring the railroad,
Bring for them who paid the money,
Not bring masters they to serve;

Now the singing of the church choir
Opens service, calls the talkers,
Singing of the prairie maid
With the wonder prairie choir,
Wonder singing charms the hearers,
Not the sweet voice can discern
In the terror sounds emersion,
Drowned the voice of prairie maid
In the discord, sin of praise,
Yet the youth is more enraptured
With the beauty prairie maid
When he hears her play the organ,
Lead the wonder choir in song,
See the people who admire her,
For her talent at the organ,
See the queen of all the village
Leader of the country choir,
Queen she is of all for beauty
Of the country or the city.
Happy way of country people
Place the belle in front of pulpit,
Place for organ front of all,
Thoughtful deacon who arranged it,
Placed the beauty front of preacher,
Eyes to front, not for the sermon,
To the front for sight of beauty,
Sermon preached with voice of thunder,

Voice he heard beyond the village
To remind the lingering sinners
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Sermon loud not heard by young man
Silently he worships fair god,
Often maid and often traveler
Raise their eyes up towards each other,
Talk in action, talk with glances
Do the traveler and the maid,
When the thunder voice is silent
Then the singing to begin,
Glad and thankful man the traveler,
Verse alone sings prairie maid,
Sweetest voice of sweetest singer,
Sings alone and plays the organ,
Harsh the sound when others join in,
Harsher still the next verse singer,
Bearded farmer, lungs of bull,
Sings with voice to beat the preacher,
Sings the bass man of the choir;
This the end of morning service,
Worship for the prairie people,
Not the end of it for traveler,
Worship of the fairest god,
Not to stop his worship of her
But to leave her at the door,
Pleasant ways have prairie people,

Talk before and after meeting,
Give each other pleasant greeting,
Many strangers come on that day,
Come to boom the prairie city,
Come the smithy, come mechanic,
Come the builders with their tools,
Merchant, banker and the gambler
Come to boom old prairie village,
To surprise the sleepy people,
Come on train to end of new track
Then in wagons over prairie,
Some with tents, for time a shelter
While the house, the home is building,
Now the landlord takes the young man,
Takes him from the maid, his daughter,
Walks with him through growing village
To the shaft, the future coal mine,
Then to railroad the embankment,
To hotel but now completed,
In the door, into the guest room,
Up to register now open,
Enter now the name of young man,
Name that's first of all to come,
Room assigned for time of future
One that's pleasant to the young man,
Looking toward the thatched roof cottage,
Looking toward the home of loved one

Out upon the growing village—
Village yet with streets but few,
Prairie wide for growing city,
City now would prairie claim,
Young man useful as surveyor,
Stakes to set for lots and streets,
Early morning, Monday morning,
Would begin the task to do,
Set the stakes for booming city.
Set the stakes beyond the village
Out to railroad, out to coal mine,
Set the stakes and do the platting,
Plats for people, lots to choose from,
Plats for record, publication,
Work for month, then work for six weeks,
Work for young man near the maiden,
Near the home of prairie maid,
Sweet the task to do so near her,
Hasten now unto the maiden,
Hasten to relate the contract,
Contract to lay out the city,
Made upon the Sabbath day,
Work from God on Sabbath day;
Thought the man and thought the maid
Glad to be so near together,
Then they speak of evening coming—
Of the evening each one thinking,

When alone in room, the front one,
Maid to meet the young man stranger,
Meet the young man, meet her lover,
Meet to tell of love that's quick.
Yes, the evening has come quickly,
Come for lovers, meet with greeting
Smiles the maid of glossy ringlets,
Belle and beauty of the village,
Meeting, yet no word is spoken,
Bold the young man to so sudden,
Bold to kiss the lips so rosy,
Bolder yet to clasp the beauty
To his breast in heat of passion,
Not the maid that will resist him,
Not the bashful maid so willing,
Not a word but lets him kiss her—
Kiss her on her rosy lips;
Sweet the kissing Sunday evening,
Sweetest kiss from prairie maid,
Sweeter with the kiss embracing,
Heaven gained with Sabbath day,
In the room beneath the thatched roof,
Kissing fair god sweetest pleasure;
Not a word with mouth is spoken
When the lips with kiss are closed,
Not a sound is heard in talking
When the hearts must do the speaking,

Not a thing to gain the secret
When with kiss such sweets secure,
Happy young man, happy maid,
So quick to know to love each other,
Sweeter kiss, the kiss of stranger,
When with love that is of pure,
Pure the beauty of the prairie,
Thought the young man guest of day
Thought not of her not a moment
As too forward with a stranger,
Love so strengthened for the fair god
Not be broken by her kisses,
Not be broken why he blessed her,
Blessed her, though fair god she be,
Blessed yet worshiped while he kissed her
While he pressed her to his breast,
Not a thought of kiss opposing,
Not a thought but sweetest kissing
Have the lovers of a day,
Day of worship for each other,
Still the worship for the young man—
Worship stroking glossy curls,
Stop the kissing for the worship,
Stop the worship for the kissing,
Not a word the time is spoken
During worship, during kissing,
During stroking of the curls,

Words not needed, arms enfolding
Sweetest form that now embracing,
Sweetest way with kissing greeting,
Kisses made love long to stay.



III

COURTSHIP.

WITH love for maiden gaining
Her love with it obtaining,
With labor had
The man was glad
For gain of time in claiming
The hand in holy marriage
Of belle of prairie village,
And gain a bride
For promised ride
In new and waiting carriage.

How happy with the wooing
When heat with love is bleeding,
And every night
The pretty sight
Of beauty maid in waiting
At gate of humble cottage
To make the stronger bondage;
Must go within
For sweet begin
With belle of prairie village,

Sweet way for lovers greeting
Begins with kiss the meeting
 Before the seat
 For tete-a-tete,
Or for the sweetest singing
Through greeting kiss obtaining,
Bliss had while thus remaining
 As standing up
 The sweets to sup
Delights with bliss that's gaining.

With moments for adoring,
For look at lovely darling,
 Lips separate
 For the relate
Of words to aid the wooing,
No less of the embracing
With gazing or with kissing;
 Pure ecstasy
 These lovers see
While both are joy inviting.

So sweetly time is passing,
Soft glossy curls caressing,
 Or feel of them
 On back of hand
When used in gentle pressing;

For gaining sweet celestial
Pretending to be playful
 With slightest move
 The soul to soothe
In calm repose delightful.

With end of joy approaching
Bright eyes in love are closing,
 Delicious thrill
 The bodies fill
While hearts in bliss are melting,
Enraptured now with kissing
No pleasure to be missing;
 Acme delight
 Are souls in flight
With nature's greatest blessing.

Oh, joyful mellow feeling
When hearts are gently stealing!
 A taste of sweet
 And be discreet
For love with virtue dealing,
Divine triumph alluring,
Delight of heaven revealing
 And make it sin
 More sweets to win
With passions now effusing.

The air with sweet perfumes
Now filling all the room
 To kiss assist
 No flowers exist,
Increasing blissful boon,
With view of humble walls
Now forming grandest hall
 Could souls escape;
 Of heaven relate
It's sweets be bitter gall.

Harsh sounds in street are making
Sweet music forms have taken;
 May be 'tis so
 Souls heaven know,
When with such bliss awakened
Though later joy obtaining
No pleasure ever gaining
 On sweet of kiss
 First love the bliss
When had with love remaining.

(A part of this chapter as first written.)

That long embrace was sweetest dream,
 The one to greet his call,
Lips melting and soul saving seemed
 Sweet kiss against the wall.

The air grew sweet without perfume
The soul to bathe in bliss,
Poor soul quickened breathed to more secure,
Sweet smell of greeting kiss.

What place is this the soul is in,
What blooming flowers are these,
What music sweet in all the mind,
What feeling gives such ease?

If man could hold through life such sweet,
From it would not depart,
But would remain his soul to steep
Till death gave soul a start.

Then if he wake in heaven above,
What cry be his lament,
To find the pleasures with his love,
With parting soul not sent.

Though heaven be as heaven is,
Take soul from sweet embrace,
From such as is this earthly bliss
The world will be the sweetest place.

Oh, blissful boon, first love to taste,
Delights of life to gain;
Sublime and melting love to haste
Two with it would remain.

Remain as standing, not to move,
To haste the melting love,
Voluptuous hearts and souls to soothe
As cooing of the doves.

While now the heart is melting fast,
Sweets added to the kiss,
The dream of pleasure too good to last,
Exceeding all that's bliss.

Not all the world could stop the hearts,
Together melt, together flow,
Not heaven or hell could take apart
This kiss of love that's here below.

Sweet nature made delight of life,
All bliss these two have seen,
Delights excelled who would not strive
Such melting love to wean.

The kiss is o'er the wall relieved,
The lovers take the lounge,
Not any harm thought one deceived
With kiss love's secret found.

At first they sat in silent bliss
Each looking at its mate,
To think of nought but sweetest kiss
And wish for kiss to take.

Then when he spoke in softest way
Affectionate words to form,
Of love his soul must have it say
Voluptuous thoughts are born.

My darling girl my love for you
By man was ne'er excelled,
My sweetest one your love I sue
All other love expell.

Oh, will you be for life my bride?
Oh, will you be my wife?
No other thing that is beside,
Will love you all my life.

My cottage new is simply grand,
With pleasant groves for shade,
Flowering trees in orchard stand,
Of bloom the place is made.

The cottage rooms with walls so bright,
New carpets on the floors,
New furniture, both dark and light,
Gold knobs upon the doors.

The stables, with the horse and cow,
Of chickens you may guess,
He even told of pigs and sow—
So proud of all possessed,

A carriage new will not be used
Until it meets his bride,
And in it to the cottage ride
With his loved one by his side.

All that I have to you will give,
Bright jewels I will buy,
And now for you will only live,
My darling, hear my cry !

It is that I wish her sweet reply,
My love to you I give,
You know I love, you know my sigh,
For you I only live.

Here is my hand, with it my heart,
You have them fairly won,
Not one shall ever make us part
Love with such bliss begun.

Oh, happy thought of future near !
Not any thought of harm,
Not any thought of danger here,
Not any thing but charm.

Delightful dreams of future sweet,
That hour it was arranged,
Delightful thoughts those hearts to meet
The night they were engaged.

The contract sealed with other kiss,
While on the lounge they play,
Sweet talk that added to the bliss
And love still held its sway.

The fair one knew too well her charms
While on the seat reclined;
With tempting smile inviting arms
Gave youth sweet thoughts sublime.

One pretty foot had found the seat
With bending knee to grace,
Made heart of youth to rapid beat,
His soul was now bedazed.

Thus was the man now won and held
By charms voluptuous grace,
Could not resist his heart to weld
Though soul at first amazed.

Amazed at freedom in the start
While it was lost in dream,
Could not from sweets like this depart,
This heaven or heaven demeaned.

Though death would frighten if it appeared
This soul to take away,
For body attached is held too dear,
It would with body stay.

Yet was its nature for heaven bound
In time to gain its home,
The soul on earth had heaven found,
'Twould with such sweetness roam;

Could not resisit the tempting bliss
The foot upon the seat,
And quickly sought the mouth to kiss,
Must reach beyond the feet.

The one small foot had kept its place
Looked pretty on the floor.
Thus was arranged to beauty's taste
With youth at heaven's door.

The youthful soul was stronger now,
Then body mind controlled,
The soul would teach the body how
To be in heaven enrolled.

It was thus the soul its heaven would reach,
Would carry body through,
It was thus the soul would body teach
Heaven's ways on earth to do.

Not long the struggle for the right
When soul o'er body reigned,
Not long had body and soul to fight
Before the soul submission claimed.

The front of lounge was neatly filled
With that would heaven make,
The mouth to reach, its sweets distill,
The youth must reach to take.

The space so narrow that behind
The beauty as she lay,
To gain the lips was long incline
O'er graceful bended knee.

Up to the rosy lips would roam
To reach the tempting sweet,
Such cushions for the bliss to come,
Such arms and kiss to greet.

With lips together was all that held
Their souls within their case,
Both kiss with bliss their mouths to fill,
No kiss then their escape,

The battle hard was closely fought,
Soul's pleasure sweets desire,
Joined mouthes in kiss for what they sought
The body's heart to fire.

The weakened minds no strength to think
Must act as souls will teach,
Lips not removed such sweets to drink
For sweetest bliss must kiss to reach.

Now came the struggle, sad to tell,
Souls to their strength resort,
The fairest heart sought to rebel
And virtue fought to hold the fort.

Though virtue late to join the fray,
Fresh strength against the worn,
It was wrong in virtue so long to stay
And then the weakened forces storm.

A sin to hold the right of way
Such as this virtue gained,
A sin to stop, the sin waylay,
To stop such sin is virtue ~~st~~ained,

Oh, Virtue ! such as you for shame
To hold the soul's desire,
For later day poor soul to main
With blacker sin conspire.

Your awful deed will sure profane,
Your title known as virtue's worth,
Your later acts are darkest stain,
To see not need to search your birth.

You stopped the act—the soul's desire,
Though hearts laughed you to scorn,
You held the hands that would conspire
The soul's desire to warm.

Poor souls were lost, had not a fear,
With kiss they held their own,
Commissioned hearts as would appear,
Knew nought of virtue's storm.

Nor did they wake from sleep of bliss
Though battle so hotly fought,
Nor did they think of aught but kiss,
Supposed the hearts were rightly taught.

Not knowing of objection made
They acted most sublime,
The youth on fairest cushion stayed
And caring nought for time.

Quick were pulsations of the heart
Now speeding in the fray,
Each soul as willing does its part
Think not the hearts to stay.

Thus they combat for sweets to sip
In this battle on the seat,
The soul attending to the lips
Combating hearts each other meet.

The hands and arms with act of truce,
Have left the battle field,
Joined other forces, would reduce
Bliss that the hearts would steal.

Now that the combat is at its best,
The air as perfumed flowers,
The souls have gained with heaven's rest,
Sweet smell of heaven's bowers.

No thought to them of bondage had
In body's prison bars,
Not but this bliss to make them glad
If thought of wish be wish for hours.

Hours, yes, their nature was to gain,
Such happiness in which to bathe,
With it not hours but would remain
Years, ages, all other life would waive.

Oh, souls on earth, have you a mind,
Have you a thought your own?
To know of this these two could find
If rebel hearts you could have won.

Can you whose souls have had their way
Such tempting sweets procured,
Would you desire such bliss to stay,
Such taste of heaven to be secured.

Such perfumes, where no flowers exist
As greet souls, half escaped
Such taste if not of heaven, what is
Such sweets, these souls would take?

Oh, blissful thought from earth to flee
And carry mind from sweeter theme,
To hope a heaven is sure to be
Not thought of heaven on earth as seemed.

Not seemed! Oh, no, it could not be
Such happiness as this to feel,
Not that of earth could feel or see
Except as heaven with souls do deal.

The world too small for breathing,
For soul's expanded meeting,
Give birth to thought
Of beauty caught,
Way out in space the greeting
To tell with song of fairy
Whose beauty is the glory
Of all the stars
Excell by far
O'er angels gains the victory.

JUST ONE BEHIND THE SUN.
I have found the brightest pearl
In all that's space
In any world.

She is by far the sweetest girl

In all that's space

In any world;

Her head is hid in pretty curls,

The sweetest girl,

The brightest pearl,

The sweetest girl, my pearl.

It was 'way out in space I ran

To catch my love,

To catch my lady,

'Way out around behind the sun

To catch my love,

To catch my lady,

Now that she's caught a kiss is won,

Behind the sun

In space I run

Behind the sun just one.

Bright angels wept when she would come

Behind a world

From pretty girl,

To hide from beauty they would run

Behind a world

From pretty girl;

For cure of eyes with look at sun

Bright angels run

When she would come;

Yes, from my beauty angel run.

Of all the world's the sweetest one
 The prairie belle
 All space to tell
Where e'er she soared her beauty won,
 The prairie belle
 All space to tell
Until from space as though in scorn
 Her beauty won
 The sweetest one,
The prize for love earth beauty won.

Oh, that I had her for my own,
 She is most dear,
 She is the peer;
She would be harvest for heart seed sown,
 She is most dear,
 She is the peer;
Darling, why have you from me flown,
 Heart seed sown
 For my own,
A heart that's for my own.

Come back, come back, my heart will break
 My only love,
 My darling,
Come back to space that God has made,
 My only love,
 My darling,

To space that love can worship in,
That God has made;
My heart will break,
Oh, God, my heart will break !

Why now I've caught her in the ring,
In Saturn's ring;
She is the pearl,
A diamond set, one that sings,
In Saturn's ring.
She is the pearl,
A diamond set, in Saturn's ring,
One that can sing,
Her in the ring,
Yes, caught her in the ring.

Oh, yes I've caught her with the ring,
My only one,
My beauty girl.
From Jupiter I made the spring,
My only one,
My beauty girl,
From Jupiter to Saturn's rings
I make the spring,
Her with the ring,
Yes, caught her with the ring.

Exquisite sweet that's over,
Alluring souls to lower
 With lightest fall
 To body call
From glorious blissful soar.
With love's delight infused
Enraptured souls amused
 With heaven confined *meat*
 The soul's concern
Celestial sweets profuse.

This welcome so delicious,
My darling damsel precious,
 And evening yet
 (Though end regret)
For precious sweeter kisses,
Hear warble softest singing,
Melodious mellow ringing,
 Divine the charm
 The hearts' alarm
With merry voice so winning.

In pleading for the singing
A kiss for the beginning,
 Then angel hear
 The girl so dear
With voice for heaven bringing

Sweet singing with the courting,
To hasten love is gaining,
Yes, song to aid
And not afraid
With warble with the wooing.

THE SONG.

HE

“Sweet one, God loves us, of that we are sure,
Bringing our meeting with love that is pure,
Nor will he part me from you darling, Jewel,
No one but devils could do act so cruel.”

CHORUS.

“Ever to love, each to caress,
What have we done such blessings to gain
That now so happy with each others love.”

SHE.

“God must have loved us, to blessings bestow
Fate could not make it without him I know,
That we together have come for the bliss
When by not meeting great happiness miss.”—Cho.

HE.

“Sweetly the hours have passed, most precious girl,
Thinking of angel face, hid in its curls,
Pleasant hours wishing, for evening to come,
When for the greeting, to sweetest girl run.”—Cho.

SHE.

“Life is so pleasant, with love such as ours,
Time is the sweetest, with each evening hour;
My heart is yearning through all of the day,
Your love the greeting, for it ever pray.”—Cho.

HE.

“Darling, to leave you for but a few days,
Then to return with sweet one to stay,
You are the angel to brighten my life,
Ever will happy be with you for wife.”—Cho.

SHE.

“Love, do not leave me, my heart it will break,
Stay here to greet me, oh, stay for my sake;
Not now or ever, no never to part,
Or if you leave me 'twill break my poor heart!”—Cho.

HE.

“Sweetest one, darling girl, you to desert
Never can, never will, while on the earth,
Nor can I leave you for long at a time,
Happy day it will be when you are mine.”—Cho.

SHE.

“Then prove your love for me, promise to stay,
Or take me, love, with you if you go away;
Love, hear my pleading and ne’er from me roam,
Then wedded we will be, God bless our home.”—Cho.

TOGETHER.

“Let it be, loving we, hasten the day
Wedded we, now will be; for it we pray
Ever to happy be, ever to love;
Blessings ~~on~~ our home will see, from God above.—Cho.

To tell of all the evening,
Of oft the kiss repeating,
 With sweetest words
 Was ever heard
While on the lounge was sitting;
To tell the evening of each day,
The pleasant rides and simple play
 Would overdo
 The chapter woe,
Renew the tears that often stray.

The love was told by man to maid,
Without the sin could never fade,
 But stronger grew
 To-day of view;
Of sin that then the love waylaid.
By every way that could be thought,
With kindest acts her love was sought,
 And building home
 With work of roam;
Against the fate for years he fought.

May be his warning was the dream
At time that love the sweetest seemed,
 As it was had
 No part was sad,
But how true virtue would esteem
As soul would have its nature thought,
A maiden's love be to it brought
 In purity
 With chastity,
Affection stay its love be sought.

The night of day from carriage ride,
The evening time with maid abide,
 And gathered flowers
 Of pleasant hours,
In play arrange in wreaths for bride;

Upon the floor the flowers lay
The lovers seated with them stay.

Oh, happy time
With hearts to chime,
With kisses had for each boquet.

The dream to show how love obtained
With beauty seen, no kiss to stain,
Yet captivate
Enchanting fate
The soul as anxious would remain;
No thought of ever kissing maid
But only thought the flowers to raid,
That she had held
To cause the spell
And flowers obtained would love be paid.

With dream of her I now relate
As soul would have for later fate,
And not as bold
With all that's told
But modesty dreams indicate;
With all that's past to cause the end
Surprise the soul though love defends
To tell of here
And have appear
How true love pure to virtue bends.

THE DREAM.

Oh, blissful dream
Of flowers so sweet,
Your beauty seems
To be complete.

Arranged in pile
Around the feet
Of angel mild,
It is complete.

Yet angel sweet
Would from without
The pile at feet
Confusion rout.

Confusion that is
At its best,
That is for this
Would let it rest.

While angel dear
Would rearrange,
Just one in here
Would not look strange.

With hand so small
To clasp the flowers,
Bright eyes to call
Them to the bower.

And see effect
Last sprig has made,
One more elect
Near feet is laid.

When all is done
For each boquet,
Confusion from
Perfection may.

Each bunch to tie
With ribbon blue,
Each one will vie
For beauty sue.

Will sue to gain
Her face to meet,
To gain is vain
Her kiss to greet.

A kiss that will
Its sweet perfume,
A kiss so still
'Tis blissful boon.

Oh, flowers so sweet,
Why is it you
Her lips will meet
As now you do?

You are perfumed
With nature's best,
Why then consume
From us the rest?

Purloin you do
A bible line
'Twas not for you,
For man destined.

That he who has
To him will give,
From one alas
That needs to live.

Oh, happy flowers,
To thus receive
From mouth that's bower
It's sweets relieve.

Yet that you take
Is charity,
To angel lake
Sweet purity.

A lake within,
The heart around,
Sweets in it swim—
Sweets all around.

And yet the gain
From out the soul
Can not remain;
Heart overflows.

Sweet charity,
Dear flowers it is;
Sweet rarity
Relief to kiss.

Yet will I sigh
Sweet smell of bliss,
Perfume belie
It is her kiss.

Oh, naughty flowers,
To thus deceive
My soul devour
Your make believe.

To have me think
That you owned this
Perfume I drink,
It was her kiss.

That you purloined,
Sweets to you strange
Did you design
To heart derange.

From near her feet
Where first you lay
Your equals meet,
Could you not stay.

Not so, your pride
Too great for you,
Your beauty hide
Make you adieu.

You had no show
While there you lay,
Of that you know
And would not stay.

Oh, naughty flowers,
To be so vain !
Her feet your bower
You did profane.

How sensitive
To beauty's face,
Relative
You were disgraced.

No wonder you
Should think to see
To bid adieu
To beauty's feet.

Or wonder be
You could exist
And live to see
What beauty is !

When thrown so near
Those feet so small
The wonder be
You lived at all.

Your beauty sure
Was far excelled
Though you procured
A sweeter smell.

Why don't you know
Your beauty gained
While you were low
With beauty lain.

A prize become
For where you were
Not value on
For what you are.

To think that you
Would seek to hide,
And beauty rue
Could not abide.

And yet will fill
Your cup with bliss
Of sweets distilled
From beauty's kiss.

Thus will you strive
From sweets retain,
From perfumed hive
More sweets to gain.

Yet dearest flowers
'Twas not enough,
More sweets devour,
My heart engulf.

That you must feel
Those hands so neat,
Arrange to steal
My soul to greet.

The sweetest bliss
That you had gained
And now the kiss
You had to stain.

My heart deranged
Had failed to feel,
Now you arrange
My soul to steal;

Yet must you add
That then you were
To all you had;
Oh, my despair !

Why could you not
With strength you own
Have clustered, *yet got*
Leave hands alone.

Oh, selfish flower,
To take the kiss,
To make perfume
Enough for this !

Then to abstract
From ~~With~~ feet so small
To have contact
With them at all.

And now alas,
Those hands obtain,
Give you caress,
They should disdain.

For all that's told
Of you beware,
Those hands to hold
Should have a care.

You sure profane
A beauty which
There is no name;
They are bewitched.

Ye gods, what now
Is this I see !
These flowers endowed
Such place to be.

My heart, my soul,
Both lost to sense,
What now can hold
This new dispense.

Oh, God, look down !
To you I pray;
Can this be ground
On which I stay ?

Must I then bear
A scene like this—
Be mortal stare;
What sin is this ?

Help, help, I pray !
Give me more power,
Or must I stay
Endure an hour ?

Must I remain
To see that's here
Sweet place defamed,
Sweets bought so dear ?

How could she be
So careless of
Her chastity,
This one of love ?

To place these flowers
From earth obtained,
In place so sweet,
Sweet breast defame,

'Twas heaven's retreat
On earth bestowed
That breast to meet
'Tis sin most bold.

But now of them
Was all esteem
They were endowed
With sweetest dreams.

My senses could
But then endure,
Their sweetness would
More sweets procure.

Must they profane
A breast so pure,
Because they came
Through heaven's door?

From feet to lips
By hands were raised,
From angel sips
Sweets that amaze.

By hands so fair,
So small withall
Could not compare
With hands at all,

How bold to rest,
Oh, flowers so vain,
In such sweet nest
It to defame !

The sparkling drops
In which you dressed,
You would adopt
With all the rest.

With laugh of scorn
You seem alive,
You'd be forlorn
From thefts deprived.

That sparkling twinkle
That's in the drops
Upon your heads
Would twinkle not.

But she had looked
Upon them when
They ~~their~~ lustre took
As sparkling gem.

Those eyes so bright,
That kiss so sweet,
With hands so slight,
Such pretty feet.

They you endowed
With beauty rare
Such as no flowers
By nature wear.

That all is told
Of these sweet flowers
I would be bold
And them devour.

My beauty maid
What have you hid?
Those flowers to raid,
Or for them bid?

Oh, give them me,
Then let me die;
Oh, can't you see
My blissful sigh?

For them will give
A heart now crazed,
A soul that's with
The flowers bedazed.

Hear then my prayer,
My pretty one,
Are you aware
That which is done?

A ruined heart,
A soul that's wrecked,
Unless you part
That you're bedecked.

Those flowers to gain
For them I live,
To ~~For~~ them obtain
My all will ~~gain~~ *give*

Why now this maid,
This angel sweet,
This that she said
'Tis you I greet.

My God, 'tis true,
My ears have heard
What; would I rue—
Would have deferred.

See now she stands
With arms beseech,
I comprehend
She love would teach.

It is heaven come down
This sweetest bliss,
My head goes round;
Oh, God, that kiss !

And now to bid
My head to bower
Where flowers were hid;
Why, heaven's sour !

Bare arms enfold
And draw me near;
My heart, my soul,
What is it here ?

Not earth this bliss
Nor heaven above,
Sweet pleasure this,
'Tis sweetest love.

Why, how is this?
Now I awake,
Where is that kiss
That now I'd take?

Oh, that I could
While in my dream,
If God but would
As wedded seem,

If love would hold me
In her arms,
My heart, my soul,
Enraptured with charms.

Then let me sleep
My life away,
In that love deep
Where I would stay.

And never wake
Nor heaven array,
If she'll not take
Her arms away.

But sleeping would
Through time to come
If her I could
That sweetest one.

It cannot be,
'Tis not my fate,
Eternity
Must be awake.

Awake forsooth
In heaven or hell,
It is the truth—
Not I that tell.

If but she be
Where I have gone,
Where I can see
Her of my song.

Then heaven 'twill be
Though hell it is,
If I can see her
And the kiss.

IV.

THE HOME.

Within the cottage new in grove of forest oak,
Surrounded by the orchard with narrow rippling brook,
The orchard with the fruit trees—among them shrubs that flowers,
Shade trees are in the orchard, even fruit trees forming bowers,
Surrounded with the fruiting groves, the work of years that's past,
Surrounded by the flowering bush, the work made pleasant task,
Surrounded, yes, with nature's aid, and thoughts of pleasant life,
Dwells he of whom our story tells, dwells with his prairie wife.
No woman in the world is loved more than this one he gained
With love that of it's greatness would true to her remain
In peace and comfort plenty, with all his heart desires,
With all that God has given him, as asked for in his prayers ;
For all he now is thankful and for future's look of gladness
If brighter future can be, no thought of future sadness.
The orchard, place of pleasure ; sweet labor building home
In place of rest from other task, of future work to roam,
To travel as a duty, with work though not a task;
Sweet place as now prepared, for days with work of rest
With home that's pleasant gained, must roam for bread of life,
For bread for many children, gifts from his God and wife,
Bright children that God sent him, to share his place of rest,
Bright children are comfort to him, now make his home the best ;
The best—not better could be, with plenty of the earth,
Bright home with flowering orchard rejoice with every birth,
Rejoice with flowering bushes, rejoice the man at work,
Rejoice and labor harder, from duty never shirk.
The happy hours of all that's here, his blessing God bestows
The happiness in cottage home in oak and hickory grove.

With plenty and with kindly love, as each that's in it know.
What pleasures are in labor—that caring for the trees
With holidays and half days, time gained to him bequeathed,
Reward for nights of travel, for time at home to gain,
To beautify the home with time, with work that will remain,
With loved ones in the cottage, the cottage in the trees.
Kind acts for cheer with work of hours, kind words for labor wreaths
With the trimming of the orchard and planting of the rose,
The planting and resetting, arrange for coming groves ;
Sweet work with thought of future, to beautify the home
Gives pleasant thought with beauty gained for days of task to roam,
Gladdened while at his work with children's voices ringing,
Gladdened by the dearest voice while she at work is singing,
Though constant and with sweetest sound the air with music filled
By others who their homes have made, musicians by nature drilled
Homes in the growing trees and vines and homes among the flowers,
Homes for the singing multitudes, sweet sounds for labor's hours,
Sing they to cheer, and thus repay, the man who labors near,
Sing songs so sweet to man of whom they have no thought of fear ;
Yet while they sing they labor to with building pretty nest,
And as the man so with the birds at labor work of rest,
Not less the man, then is the birds, as happy with the task
In that they do by nature called, no master need to ask,
To ask, to order, nor yet instruct, in anything they do ;
Both man and birds have nature's gift for work to never rue.
The man oft recognizing rights of those who lend the song,
When in the trees or in the bush a hidden nest is found,
And often when a tree to trim—a limb would take away
If nest among offending leaves that limb would always stay ;
Thus would the man respect the rights of those who sing for him,
Respect the choice of place they picked, protect their home, their
limb ;
How they would beg when near the nest he at his task would be !

How they would strive to let him know of danger they could see !
Or, if he heeded not their sign of chirrup when in grief
How they would think to coax away and even would deceive,
Or often when with danger close no fear of life or wing
Would think to frighten him away, with peak of bill to sting !
Yet did the man respect their claim, was gladdened with their fight,
He knew the nature made for them and God gave them their rights.
Did God give man the nature that the birds have shown to him ?
Did he give man the right to fight, protect his home from sin ?
Did God give man the right to hold a home with labor bought ?
May man who worked a life to build with life a home has wrought,
Has he a right, has he a claim, to children of his own,
Or can another man proclaim, your children must you disown ?
Can other man come in and drive him from his home and stay ?
Can other man come in and claim his wife and with her lay ?
God gave the man the nature strong that he gave to birds that fly,
God gave the man the nature that in fight for home may die,
Yet that the man is humble with his fellows whom he knows,
Is it that he is thought as nought when he would keep his own ?
Yes God is God for him as well as those in greatness known,
Yet he is God to humble man and those in greatness grown.
Man made the claim the right he had to hold the home of his,
Yet other man, by public held: as right in all he did,
Has driven him from home he had, has robbed him of his wife,
Has driven him from children loved, to mourn the rest of life,
With broken heart life's tasks pursue alone as was decreed.
Oh, saddened heart, that cannot stay with work among the trees !
Now robbed of them by wicked act, that were his heart's delight.
Why now of thought of them he loved, comes thoughts for them to
fight—
Poor wounded soul, your present task you will ruin with your grief ;
Except the few who know the wrong not others will believe
That man will stand such act as you have borne and yet will live.

This stray from chapter of the home was caused by lesson shown
By nature through the birds who, for the loss of home will mourn,
Yes, mourn for nests destroyed at times, nests not with young as yet.
How greater must the mourning be, when little birds they get !
Oh, happy birds, can make your fight, for that by nature right,
But man may not his children claim when against him riches fight.
Not claim the home for which he toiled his years both day and night.
The wanderings of the mind of man great wrongs the soul awake,
Now back with work among the flowers and guard against the fate,
Cut dead limbs off, watch close the bush, not harm the singers' nest,
For they he loves as much or more than the trees in which they rest,
While trimming thus the bush and tree, accumulating brush,
Six boys to carry brush to pile, six voices could not hush,
Six voices loudly call in play, while they sweet task pursue,
Not knowing they are laboring with work the man would do,
Not laboring with the loaded cart, while pushing up the hill,
Not laboring, but are piling brush, yet working with a will ;
The fun of it was when a night should with it darkness bring,
The fun of it was for the thought of dance around the ring,
To dance with whoop would bring a blush to warrior with its sound
To soul of warrior boys had said lay under neighboring mound ;
Yes, dance around the pile of brush when brightened with the fire
Lit now on darkened night that's come, for fun of boys and sire ;
Thus was the work of happy home made pleasant as of play
For man and boys, who while at work, no work would fun delay.
Example of the labor gained, from boys with fun in mind
Was had while setting evergreens, for walls of house plant kind,
The trench now dug for ring of plants, rich earth in cart to bring—
The trees when grown would be a wall for children circus ring.
The happy man who knew the time when trees had grown to wall
Would be at time when boys would be to other pleasures called.
Such sweet deception made play of work, from children was the gain,
Deception that would not be known—effect of work remain,

Deception though the opposite at happy Christmas time
When children of this cottage home were sure to wishes find ;
Thus would the home of labor gain, for beauty to increase,
For man and boys who work for fun—from work they never cease.
Such work of pleasure as they had, the home to be the winner,
Brought further joy when sweetest voice would call them in to
dinner—

Yes, sweetest voice as yet to hear, the man knew not of failing,
For he who loved with all his heart—with love of constant gaining,
With love that could not see a wrong in her who was the dearest ;
He thought her soul as heaven bound and not of hell as nearest.
The happy ones when now around the table they are seated
And laughter of six boys with fun, their words not be repeated.
Fun told by sire by one as bold to have a joke on father
Would always bring the laughter loud, a smile from dearest mother.
The food the best to be procured, the fruit from trees at home,
The butter, cream, eggs, chickens, truck enough with them alone—
Enough with them should be the pride of mother to the boys
To set a meal in whole obtained from home was oft her joy ;
And not a lack for finest taste the wines from vault procure,
Sweet wines from cherry, berry bush, from currant and from vines,
All grown within the hedges trimmed, within earth heaven's lines.
With all that's told of pleasant home, all this could not have been
Except of love within the gates, except without the sin.
'Tis not the food that's sweeter made by being raised at home,
The fruit of every kind as raised, not food and fruit alone
And not the butter, eggs and cream, have to depend on self,
Nor yet the flowers, bouquets and wreaths on table and on shelf,
Or buds of rose around the plate of sire who loves them so ;
No, not all these the sweetness gave the food at home to grow,
But it was that and that alone that man would ever hold
That love of one of virtue's self, that which could not be sold,
Or if it be another way and virtue not a part

Will home be sweet, with food that's raised, at home of virtue's mart?
Of virtue's mart it could not be, for that which is for sale
Is not from one who virtue holds but sin is her regale ;
A sin that changed the sweetest food, to bitterness—to gall—
A sin so black not man who could remain and to it fall.
To fall ! My God ! where would it be that lower place than hell
When man is down with sorrow made by wives who honor sell,
When wives who virtue never had and shame held for a time,
When they their children's honor sell and stoop to lowest crime,
When they will hold until the man has made for them a home,
And then conspire in sin to fall and leave that man to mourn,
To perjury will they resort to save a villan's fame,
Though not a thought of act to save the honor of her name.
Oh, man who loves in such a way to trust in whole a wife,
To give her home and all you have, all you have gained in life,
Then when in years you are advanced, too late to make amends,
What will you do for bed and board, where later days to end ?
You thought your love so great would touch a heart though to you
cold,
You thought not mortal could repay such kindness as is told
With ought but kindness in return, with love you worked to keep,
With love when lost you worked away not knowing sin that's deep.
The dinner had while clouds have broke and rain in torrents fall,
No thought of gloomy time is here with sheltered work to call,
The boys have toys that are to mend, a cart or wagon wheel,
The mending left for work in barn ; may be this work is real,
Yet will six boys work with a will when gaining time of sire,
Means wagon mended for nutting time, the setting of a tire,
Thus by the pleasant ways to make an object for the toil
Was one day gained from travel work, six days of work in soil,
For when one day of all the week a boy has object in it
He would do work to hesitate—most men would not begin it ;
Thus, with six boys who fun can see while working for the home

Was six days' work a day a week and five days left to roam,
Six days a week, with acres few, kept home so bright and neat
And gained in beauty until the home had been so near complete.
Complete it was when trouble came and threatened utter ruin.
The man had thought to speculate—the winners now are suing,
To settle which all may you take, except the home and trees.
A lawyer hired to settle it with terms and with decrees ;
The debt as settled by lawyer great, his work now to be paid,
Was work for man who hired him, a month's work for each day
Yet no complaint was made by him ; he paid all of the fee.
How now was it the lawyer did of that we wait to see,
To see how man who took a fee to save the home of client,
To see how he has ruined him, and then of his defiance.
Oh, that the horror coming now would keep from out the soul,
Until with thoughts of pleasant life, of happiest home is told.
Oh, that God had not destined for man to suffer so,
For sin that others pleasures was, great sins for man to know !
Oh, that the world would change its laws—not have the wronged dis-
graced,
While man who does the wrong to him is raised to honored place !
Oh, that the oaths of secret halls as made when God is called
Apply to small against the great, as great against the small !
Again with, oh, must not admit, the justice not obtained
By one that's wronged against a fiend who is a lawyer famed.
One more attempt to keep with home as was before the sin,
One more attempt to tell the joy of home as had within—
Within its walls in evening time before the open fire,
Around the hearth with happy talk until they would retire
With happy talk or reading loud a story for the boys,
Or play at times a game of chance as had with Christmas toys,
And often would in frolic run the boys against the sire,
Or rolling on the carpet fun quick to the father tire,
Or when an evening from the school the drawing lessons done

The practice of cartoons of dad was always pleasant fun
And now with children gone to rest an hour with sweetest wife,
Who, until the giant came, was joy of pleasant life ;
Such pleasant talk in pleasant house, such thoughts of happy home,
With certain knowledge that the boys would men in honor grow ;
Such plans for them to start in life when schooling should be done,
In business establish them—would start them every one
With funds that saved from labor done while they were yet at school,
So much a month, so much a year, so much at least a rule,
The bank account already had as start for all that's planned,
What would have been reward if now not virtue in demand,
Enough at least to do for him who is of six the eldest one,
Eight years before the schooling done, nine years and others' share
begun,
Four years now gone without a loss of time upon the road,
And part of it with greater pay—the more would have to hoard;
Then with the gain of fruit that's raised, the vine the greatest help,
What could not these two have done if sin had kept away ?
Right here the hardest is of all to think of debts now made,
With bank account all that is gone, and years for debts not paid ;
Right here the hardest is of all to think of suppers grand
For lawyer fiend, odd fellow friends, champagnes the best of brands ;
Right here the hardest is of all, to think of hardships had
By man two years in mountain camp with coarse and common food,
With gain all sent to her at home to help the boys' account,
With gain of labor hardest work for lawyer's midnight fount ;
Part of the hardest that's to tell is of the waste of time;
A year had saved since lawyer hired, good start in bank to find.
Five years are now as with it passed, no cent to help the sons,
But debts for other years to come, with work upon the run.
Seven years in all enslaved his client this lawyer fiend designed,
Seven years for him have served in all with ruin to remind,
With all the years of work as shown, have added savings past
By robbing him of home and all that was within his grasp—

Of home, of children, honor gained, of health and happiness,
Of mind that's nearly been bereft as shown by this within.
The seven years of service had and forty more were gone,
The work of life for pleasant home, was client not the wronged.
To men, may be all women too, such wickedness relate,
Great honor be the villain's due, this lawyer of the state.
The foulest part of all of it is that the man so wronged
Is one to bear all the disgrace ; not woman friend is found,
They bow to him whose dirty acts has ruined more than one,
They bow to him of all these facts, to all his vices come,
His honored family—for such they are—for deeds the father done,
What honor for a maiden's share, sweet one through life to bear !
Oh, now again I run away from chapter of the home,
Of it will quit—attempt no more, from it will ever roam,
How will it be one chapter more, before the fate to tell,
Discovery of it relate before the crazy spell,
To try and see if it can tell and hold the mind to task.
Discovery of sin and hell, to try and then to ask,
Or if as failure it shall be as in this chapter home
Remember that the soul must see the hell in which it roams.
Poor soul, so anxious to have its say, as was in sorrow had,
The heart and soul would be relieved to tell the sin so bad,
Their day at last for wrongs to tell, of sin the lowest type,
Their day to have with those in sin with memory of it ripe,
To tell a task without offense to kindly readers mind,
To tell in way not need defence, the vulgar ones define,
Yet with the claim if in it fail, with words of strongest kind—
Not words with strength in language are, define it words say nay,
And fairer words as well to use, no vulgar ones are known
As rank enough to tell the shame, of wickedness that's sown,
As sown by her, the prairie flower, the blooming village belle
With giant lawyer of the state with name of lower hell,
Yes, giant lawyer of the state, his partner in the senate,
The two the firm this client had, for it a life's lament,

V.

DISCOVERY.

IN the darkness or with moonlight
Many nights from train that's late,
In the darkness, in the starlight,
In the storm and to the fate,
Many nights with fear of meeting,
Often bitter tears would shed ;
Nearer home the harder weeping,
Love not greeting—sin instead ;
Often at the gateway stopping,
Often to the flowers resort
While for courage for the knocking,
Though the heart could make report,
Often to the Maker pleading
For the love that is so cruel,
Praying Him to soften greeting
With His blessing for the fuel,
Praying longer for the changing
Of the heart that is so cold,
Pleading long for new arranging,
Not the greeting of the scold.
Oh, the heartaches that were making
While the years were passing by,
And the cruel words were grating

On the soul to love would fly.
Oh, the many nights of pleading
To the sin that love had hid
With the heart for love was bleeding ;
Cruel words those give instead.
Heart of steel, of bitter hatred,
Sin had made it so to be,
Heart that with black sin had mated
Could not pure love constant see,
Honor lost, with God deserted,
What expect from one that's sold ?
To the devil acts reported,
For the devil is a scold.
Now, without the courage needed,
Meekly at the door to knock,
For the waking, then the pleading
That she will the door unlock,
While the heart keeps up the knocking
Breath that's held that sounds may hear,
While the wind the trees are rocking,
Meekly stands the man in fear,
Tears now dried while seeking courage,
Prayers that's told without a hope,
Fear that's heightened with the knowledge
Though of sin in darkness grope;
No, not sin, for it the naming
Only cruel, hatred grown;

Not the sin the years was claiming,
Only loss of love was sown,
Only loss of love he thought it,
Man whose love had never waned,
Could not know of sin that brought it,
Could not see the awful stain.
Hark the voice that knock has wakened !
Hear the cry: Who comes so late ?
If the man could be mistaken,
If but God could change the fate,
If the words that should be cheerful
Could be heard with sweeter sound,
Not the wicked ones so fearful
That the saddened soul had found,
If but now he could be dreaming,
Then awake for greeting smile,
Find an hour of sleep as seeming
Bitter years in sleep the while.
Oh, the joy for time of waking
From a dream so fearful black !
Oh, the sorrowed heart now aching,
Real not dream to it distract,
Where the mercy God of heaven,
Where the promised answered prayer
With an angel's heart as raven,
With her changed to Satan's heiress,
When the knocking has awakened,

Voices frightened with the sound,
Nor one voice that answered, quaking,
But of voices two had found.
Bolder now the man who waited
For the turning of the key,
Knowing not the sin was mated,
Through the door he could not see,
But the pleading for the gaining,
Entrance to the house was his;
As before with long remaining,
Gained the meeting—not the kiss,
Long remaining when departing,
One who had the kiss before,
Then the door and the unlocking,
But no love for him in store;
Many nights with awful wording
Was the bolt left in its place,
Many nights when sin was herding
They were making the disgrace,
Many nights when love was pleading
For his rights to enter in,
Many nights with heart was bleeding
When within was blackest sin;
Now again came the refusing
Bolt to hold the door secure,
And the drink of it accusing
Though from it was ever pure,

“ You are drunk and can not enter,
I will not unlock the door,
You can go to barn for shelter
Or I will for help implore.”

“ No, no, darling, do not drive me
From my home so late at night,
I am weary with the walking—
Try this once to do the right ;
Do not, darling, keep me waiting
But unlock the door for me,
Sick and weary, wet with raining,
Let me in and you will see.”

“ Go you will and cease your rating
Or will call for help to come,
You they soon will be arresting,
You who are a drunken bum.”

“ Oh, my darling, think of children,
Those who in the attic sleep,
Change your way our home to brighten,
Do not keep me out to weep.”

“ Go at once or I will hasten
To the neighbors for their aid,
Tell how drunk you come so often,
How of you I am afraid,
I will tell of how you struck me
And for nought that I have done,
And will tell of how you curse me

When to them I had to run.”
Then the cry for help to hurry
Least I kill her with the blows,
Oh, the cry that was my worry,
Cries my sorrowed heart can show.
“ Do not, dearest; stop your calling,
Go I will if you will cease,
Yes, will go though rain is falling,
Cease the calling, darling, please.”
Then when turning for departure
What the terror laugh to hear,
Can it be the hardened creature
Of her God had lost all fear?
Imitating man while laughing,
Then in voice her own to say
Words I heard in silent speaking
“ Hush, or hell will be to pay.”
Love so strong to hide the guilty
Could not think the awful fact;
Love that covered blackest frailty,
Even when the voice attract,
With the memory of her beauty,
With the thought of children grown,
Never thinking her as guilty,
Of her virtue would have sworn,
Even on the night of voices
When the two were heard within;

For his going two rejoices,
Yet no thought of hellish sin,
Had he met when with returning
Through the rain to city near,
Even when his soul was burning
When with evidence so clear,
Had he met, had any stopped him
With the tale of what was done,
Never listen not of her sin,
From their words he would have run,
Only was it grief returning
To the place from which it came,
Only grief for love was yearning,
Love that ever was the same,
Never thought of truth to enter
In the heart with love so full,
Never thought of sin for center
In the heart that was so cruel;
With the walking back to city,
Ever praying for the home,
Looking to his God for pity,
For the hoping heart was torn,
Wending to the cot in attic,
Placed for nights with home denied,
When with sorrow nearly frantic,
Many nights all night he cried;
Or with thinking of the loved ones

And the love now lost to him,
Thinking ways to make her love come
From the hate—her only sin,
Thinking ways for gain of riches
For the change of cottage plan,
For a new and modern carriage,
Marble walks in place of sand,
With the carriage span the sleekest
And a servant for the reins,
Thought the man of wife the sweetest,
Take him to and from the trains
When with riches love returning
As he thought the love would do.
Only of the love concerning
Never of the sin that grew.
Other times by day returning
To the home among the trees,
Though his heart was ever yearning
With the hatred he could see,
Constant work among the flowers,
Gaining freedom from the frown,
Work arranging beauty bowers,
Pleasant work to sorrow drown,
When at night from longer resting
From the labor of the run,
Thinking words of love or jesting,
For the evening now begun,

That the night at home remaining,
With the little ones so dear,
And the hatred by detaining
Every moment though in fear;
Now that children are retiring
With a book at ease appear,
Fearing that she was conspiring,
Holding back a starting tear,
Now alone without a warning
Came the spitting in his face,
Call of names, his birth reflecting,
Names to tell her own disgrace.
When he knew that wrong was making,
When his eyes had seen the sin,
That the schooldays' fatal evenings,
Oldest child from home had been
With the one at home would woman
Milder be with evening come?
With the one at home the poor man
Might remain with night begun;
Oldest child four nights departed,
Nights for meeting other men,
Nights the four was husband routed,
Came the saints and lawyers then,
Saddened life of man who secret
Kept the sorrow in his breast,
Kept from others of the frequent

Thoughts of horror for his guest;
God now seeing all the terror
Of the soul the sin had made,
And of knowing the dishonor
Of the fallen one—the jade.
God of heaven heard the praying,
Read the heart and knew the soul,
Sent His mercy yet in staying
And in mercy came the goal.
Came the night from home was driven,
Came to aid the man in sorrow,
Sent his blessing freely given,
Sent to brighten years of sorrow;
Blessings came to man in attic
For the rest of aching heart,
Came the night with sorrow frantic,
Came the blessing for its part,
Surely God must know the future,
Knowing of the night to come;
Night the next would meet the creature,
Meet the terror sin did bring.
Soon asleep and in the glory
Is the soul with freedom gained,
Body rest in world of worry,
Soul for time will heaven claim.
Knowing of its sameness ever,
Though all troubles are forgot,

Fearing thoughts are from it severed,
Only pleasure it has brought.
Fearing thoughts are from it severed,
Or of danger it would know,
When through forest ending never
Soul would deeper in it go.
Thinking only of the beauty,
Step another brought to view,
Thinking only as though duty
Called it where more pleasures grew.
Soul that in the world was lonely
With its millions to be met,
No companion for the homely
Its departure none regret.
Now alone in heaven's lane,
Thinking not to others meet,
Neither lonely with the gain,
Heaven's beauty more would seek.
Though with wonder glory gained,
Beauty forest—heaven's park,
What the distant color stain
Or of music where the lark ?
Guiding soul to gain the view
Onward in the forest depths
To where charming flowers grew
Or where crystal streams have met.
With the showering falls below,

Dripping, pouring, running, twining,
Foaming, struggling, swiftly flow,
Skipping, quivering, roaming, spinning,
And with racing bounding show
Constant hurrying, joyful shocking,
Heaven's work for soul to know,
Even thundering with the bubbling
While striving o'er the golden rocks,
Music sounding, chimes with plumping,
Sweetest quaking, lest a shock
With the battle harder growing;
By returning gaining ground,
Short delaying, quick advancing,
Constant boiling all around,
Then with rising swiftly speeding,
Tossing, whirling, gushing glee,
Heaving, dashing, toiling, dancing,
Beauty sight for soul to see
Heaven's waters playful prancing.
Sun rays shining o'er the spray,
Then the color and the sparkling,
Glittering rays for drops that stray
O'er the waters diamond sparkling.
Oh, the color beauty shower
Where the heaven streams have met,
Radiant colors forming flowers,
Milder rays for the floweret.

Flowering rainbow, twinkling show
With the fall of charm divine,
Brilliant sights in heaven grow
For souls in heaven is all sublime.
Worldly thoughts of worldly nature,
Gathering gems from glittering shore,
Those with wonder tints so pure
To be chosen from the store. .
But when chosen comes the lesson
With the next one gathered in
Which the beauty prize have won,
And with it the store begin.
Having cast the last before
In the crystal stream below
As not worthy of adore,
Placed with one whose colors flow.
Thus it is in heaven ever
Moments come bring further joy,
Wishes had for jewels gathered
Each one chosen brightest toy.
Each one gaining with its beauty
Over all was had before,
Leaving former one as misty
Last one chosen for adore.
Holding to the last as relic
When attracted by the flowers,
Thought to pluck one, nature's tropic,

And its sweet perfume devour.
Near its place and in its shadow
Bloomed another beauty gained;
When its fragrant bliss to swallow
Left desire of first to wane.
Then the thought to pluck for quaffing,
Making sweeter heaven stay,
Kneeling while with joy was laughing,
Thinking to secure the prey.
When the fragrance overcoming
Drowns the senses with delight,
Having kneeled and now reclining
All other bliss has taken flight.
Other joys that was forgotten,
Beauty gem so quickly dropped,
Paradise as though to heighten
With perfumes that soul has got.
Soul that's now intoxicated
Lying low upon the ground
Enraptured in bliss, the soul is fated
In sweet revel, delightful bourn.
Enchantment here beyond the heaven,
Troubles none to be forgot,
But the bliss from mind is driven
With the calm delightful plot.
Heaven's latent passion feeling,
Delightful tranquil, bliss divine,

Subtle perfume heart is stealing,
Ambrosia to inhale is mine.
Enchantment was with mind in glory,
Free from body's weakened cell;
Where are words to tell the story
Of heaven's esthetic heavenly spell?
For soul's welcome glad reception,
Not with wine and terror drunk.
But with quaffing with immersion
Soul in sweetest perfumes sunk;
And no sins result the payment
With the suffering in the head,
Bliss that's here in heaven's raiment
Its delight will never dread.
Wake in gladness from enchantment
When the heaven breeze had changed,
Blowing perfumes were impending
From the soul with it deranged.
Wafting perfumes opiated
From the soul from bliss retired,
From the bliss was dedicated
Newly born from heaven higher.
What to please with new delight,
What to charm, what to allure?
Never sorrow with the flight,
Never nought but pleasure pure.
See the glittering color vision

On the hill so nearly gained,
Of the shades may be a million,
Giving flowers such beauty stain.
How so quickly through the forest
Past the grandure that was between,
Yet so quickly it the contest
To the place of beauty seen;
When the secret of the hollow
O'er the flowers that beauty hide,
Entrance to the heaven grotto
Where the radiant hues abide;
Entrance to the heaven grotto,
Walls of diamonds for its sides,
Constant change of tints its motto,
Every hue that o'er it glides;
Here the colors sport in gladness,
Here their mellow shades emit,
Leaving pretty flowers in sadness
With enchantment of the nymph.
Quick the thought of soul to enter
For the deeper dazzle scene,
Quick the steps glide to the center
Of the grotto's blissful gleam.
In the cave of crystal diamonds,
In the place of birth for tints,
Can it be for soul as amends
Were the flowers of rainbow hints?

Rainbow o'er the falls of heaven,
O'er the radiant crystal rocks,
Are your rapture hues to lessen,
Wonder of this tinted shock ?
Was your beauty the preparing
Of the soul for entrance here,
When in wonder at you looking
Laughter were your waters clear.
Laughing at the soul with knowing
This that it would have to see,
Heaven's beauties always growing,
Stop, oh, through eternity.
Stop, oh God of my believing,
You will from my reach depart !
Stop, my God, my mind relieving
Or your greatness break my heart !
Stop the thought of constant gaining
Of the bliss my soul has found,
Let delights at times be waning
Lest with rapture soul be wound.
Now within the cave of colors,
In the glittering vision bright,
What for gain when viewing others
If more beauty with the sight ?
But that soul was made immortal,
But that ^{Fear} ~~soul~~ was left behind,
Here great danger at the portal,

Heaven entered death to find.
Death with joy the soul expanding,
Constant in its bliss to gain,
Quick delights that's here imparted,
Death the blessed soul would claim.
Here to pray for bliss to lessen,
Here to hope for loss of joy,
God, my Father, here your Benison
Now the feel of sad bestow;
Give me fear and give me worry,
Let me have the soothe of pain,
Oh, my God, let me be wanting,
Let me see that to disdain !
Not the thought was had in heaven,
Not the thought to be so sad,
But a thought with body craven,
Elysian limits to make it glad.
Bathed in radiant tints now raining
From the walls of cave sublime,
Rain to fall on object straining,
Hues the soul of souls to find.
For their beauty real gave feeling
With the rapture thrill intense,
Tints with life for soul is dealing,
With their kisses bliss condense.
When for moment spot attracting
Eyes of soul from whence were sent

Tints as made in place of breeding,
Each to come more beauty lent.
Each to come with race for gaining
Heart of soul with love to greet,
Each with pleasant strife was claiming,
Place where heaven jewels meet.
Real the cheerful feel and charming
In the struggle with the hues,
Real delight of joys alarming
With the foaming graceful views.
More then seen in heaven's way
When its beauties claim the eye,
Soul to gain the bliss to stay,
Bliss to gain the soul defy.
What the sound the merry warble?
Where the angels' song to win?
Thoughts that from the tints unable
Them to leave would be a sin;
Yet the voices sweet and mirthful
Wake the soul from color dream,
Yet the song of angels gleeful
Giving charms that sweeter seem.
Hasten to the mouth of grotto,
Hasten to the heaven wood,
What to make the thoughts of presto,
Was it thought that nothing could?
God of heaven, now your limit,

Let it be with these to greet,
Let it be with these for summit
If the angels I may meet.
Why they come as though the grotto
Was the place of their desire,
Where to hide earth feel of want too,
From their beauty would retire;
Hide from beauty angel women,
Two with charms exceeding thought,
Were they for more bliss the omen,
Ne'er on earth was beauty taught;
Held to place of grotto's entrance,
Held as chained to diamond floor,
Soul that is with love in a trance,
God give them me—give me no more.
Now that they see the man that's come,
Sweetest smiles with welcome glad,
Simply stop them, quickly run;
Joy, oh joy with bliss is had.
First with wonder look together,
Then at man they stood before,
Then another look as voucher
That a real man blocked the door.
Now the man with smile of greeting,
Arms extended would implore,
Quickly both the angels meeting
Where the heart on earth so sore ?

With two angels—fairest creatures,
Pressed with love so quickly had,
Sweetest bodies, beauty features,
With embrace of man was glad,
With their shining silken tresses
Falling o'er his arms to meet,
Every fiber love distresses
With desire of love to greet.
Soon with angel eyes as laughing
As when raised at first to his,
From the shoulder where were quaffing
Each with rapture gaining bliss.
Then when one would look up shyly
Quick was he with gaining kiss,
When the other angel mildly
Seemed to wonder at their bliss.
Soul of man then quickly changing
From the one would hold the lips
For the other's kiss obtaining,
Angel mouthes may necter sip;
Now that both have gained the secret
Sweet the battle for the place;
Oh ! and oh ! as gained in duet,
Heaven love without disgrace.
With an arm for each was holding,
Slowly walk into the cave,
Beauty heads in laughter throwing

While in wonder colors lave.
Man that saw the colors glisten
When within the cave alone
Knew not of the beauty given
As when angels they adorn.
At the moment of the rapture
Of the sweetest kiss e'er had,
Must the body come to capture,
Must the soul return? Too sad?
What to greet a soul from heaven,
What the wickedness to meet?
Sin of lowest hell that's given,
What the angel here to greet.
Came the day that came the letter,
Came to tell the cause of past,
Critic chose for book the better,
Letter that dissolved the mask,
Letter asking for the meeting
For the ride in shades of night,
For the ride and for the greeting,
Many who beheld the sight.



VI.

LAMENT.

ALAS, that I should have remained to see the day,
Living with hell now in my wounded breast;
Alas, that shame this night has come to stay,
Stains it to leave upon my happy nest !
Alas, that God should so have answered prayers,
Letting such sorrow into a hoping heart !
Alas again, that virtue held as wares
Should welcome shame and with the virtue part !
My God, my God, what is it now that's done ?
You can not mend, your power here is lost;
Did prayers made so earnest always run
Away in space, let virtue be the cost ?
Run from me now, my God, I can but cry,
Leave me the hell and let the devil stay;
I must have help; oh God, you would not try—
Not help though prayers I never failed to say !
Go from me now before you hear me rave,
Drove to the deed by you though God you are,
And with this sorrow which you might have saved
Reward for one who trusted you with prayer;
Leave me my trouble with the devil's sin
In hell to stay to serve him who will help.
Not you who will so let a wrong begin

Gain hold of soul who greatest wrongs have felt.
When all my life was given you in hope
Into this hell you guide my trusting steps.
From heaven on earth receive the awful stroke,
Entire the change—no part can now except;
Where now my home, where now my pleasant groves?
Here with them yet at time of raising moon,
All—every tree, each bush, and hear my woes;
To greet the sorrow of the parting soon,
Hear now, dear devil, to you my first appeal,
At last your aid I crave in my despair,
Vain was my call to God who let you steal,
Exhorting him to help lost love repair
Your servant's souls, no check upon their deeds.
Oh, Devil, take and guide me as you will,
Unless you help I never can succeed;
Do not refuse—let soul for service drill,
Oh, take me now and trust for promised acts,
Not let me stay until dark deeds are done,
Entire to you—heart, body, soul distract,
With willing mind, oh, Devil, let me come!
Hear, hear, again my plea for all your aid,
And trust for deeds that will be surely done,
Trust to the honor you have till now waylaid,
Have not a fear, your servant will become
All here possessed of any there remains.
Vale of remorse at least is all my own,

Encourage now—of heaven I am bereft,
Yearn now my soul on rolls of hell be known;
Onward to push, each day to conquer good,
Young though in sin will hasten to the work,
Daring will rush, as now is understood;
Oh, Satan, bless where soul of evil lurks,
Not man or God can stop my rapid pace
Except that death may come to overpower,
God may thus cheat you in the coming race,
Opposing me in all, except in sorrow
Descending now to every wicked deed,
Hell's will to do, revenge that's to be gained.
Adieu, heaven, thoughts from you I now secede,
Vanish all hope, for soul now to be stained,
Enter all evil, the change is now as made,
Murder if need be to gain from hell the praise,
Efforts all given to gain the devil grade,
Ruin to follow, the angels to amaze,
Compete will I in hellish acts to come,
Years let them be, the lists have now my name;
Opposed by heaven, the place am running from,
Neglected though when it for home was claimed,
Object will be while seeking for revenge,
Uncommon ways to do the sinners' wrong,
Revenge would gain to good and evil strange,
Contented not with vice of common throng,
Hell now a word that's sweet for me to speak,

In heaven place on earth the greeting comes,
Let darkened deeds be for my soul to greet,
Damned now with thought of work to be begun,
Remorse now had a life that's wasted run,
Energy renewed for days that's mortal stay,
Neglect no chance to gain the hellish fun;
Now groves and flowers you and your cooling shade,
Oh, pleasant nooks no more to use your seats !
What promise made for planting you with spade ?
Affections were before the sin sublime,
Narrate the past to tell the love you had,
Delights were gained when you were in my mind,
Laborious joys, for heart that now is sad,
Emotions grand that came as you had growth,
Triumph complete with flowers and later fruit,
Transmitting good as each of you had worth,
Happiness mine while beauty you recruit,
Endowed with promise of your parent tree,
Delights from setting for the promise made,
Esteemed for all the sweets you gave to me,
Valued ever though you each winter fade,
Infused by you with gaining love of home,
Lamenting loss of love beneath the roof,
Trusting to you for pleasant thoughts alone,
Appalled when now at last of sin the proof,
Knowing now the sin that caused the sorrow,
Exclaim my soul blind love not to have seen;

Yoked thus with sin, no hope for brighter morrow,
Outcast my heart, now from the love is weaned,
Unhappy man in orchard with my woes,
Trees, bushes, vines, oh, that I might with you stay,
Here with you now amidst your pleasant groves,
All that you are my work of life has made,
This night depart from you who were my hope,
Yielding for me if God had given rights,
Owned as you are by her who in sin gropes,
Unfair to take and than to honor blight,
Made to my wife who was the prairie flower
And now is held by one of blackest sin;
Yes, gift of love to angel for her dower,
Not meant for home for wanton dwelling in.
Others I loved and from them now must part,
Their voices sweet though now are still at night,
Dear birds, adieu, to you who had my heart,
In house the sin, here you can hold your right,
Stay then and wait for day of my return;
God sent me out—the devil now my friend,
Repair he will for soul his hell may burn,
And greeting give when on them can depend,
Concealed amidst the trees with shade of night,
Engulfed in sorrow with shock of knowing wrong,
O'ercome at last with grief I thought to fight,
Useless the struggle, the sorrow was too strong,
Relief the tears despairing heart that feels,

Controlled at first when soul with anger held;
Help now, oh God, must I so quickly yield,
In hell I am, in evil would excel,
Lamenting now with tears I cannot hold,
Disgrace that's come, heart-break it brought along,
Impure the one to who my life had sold,
Nuptials were mine, then came the vulgar throng,
Hear, hear, my God ! help, help, or I will die !
Embrace me now and hold me to your breast,
Aching my heart, my head appears to fly,
Vision must be, that comes to me in rest,
Escape had thought and sought the apple bower,
Nature that called from many hours of sorrow,
Adieu to grief within the tent of flowers,
Melodious sounds the throbs held for the morrow,
Exploring heaven now reached with sweetest dream,
Neglected not when angels, women seem.



VII.

HEAVEN—CLOUDS.

WHAT beauty place is this,
Of sweetest bliss ?
What shining sun not to oppress
Whose rays caress
With gentle shade to sweetly thrill
Beneath the leaves
And flowering wreaths
Such charming calm and soothing feel
That through the soul sublimely steals ?

Sweet heaven place now gained,
For soul it claimed,
Though happy soul to be amazed—
To be so dazed
With view of grandure to excel,
With heaven found
Now all around
Above the sky and heaven shades
As seen from earth must be they fade.

If nought but these that's passing clouds,
 With tints so loud,
And blended with the milder hues,
 The lightest blue,
When soaring in their midst would seem
 The bliss sublime
 In sweetest clime,
Alone these heaven vailles would be
All heaven if nought but them could see.

So beautiful their wonder rolls
 In lighter scrolls,
Whose edges fringe with shaded tints
 Of sun rays hint,
Within the loosely folded waves
 With color gained
 With deeper stain
To show the spiral as a place
Of beauty shades and form of grace.

With overlapping one of waves
 A movement gave,
May be the angels shaking lace
 In heaven's place;
Now throwing out the golden dust
 That edges show
 From place below,
And on the top of roll of waves
That catch the rays and in them lave.

Not grander nor yet more sublime
 Though it is in chime,
The one of hill and valley form,
 For it are born
Sweet thoughts of place for pleasant roam,
 Or rapid glide
 There to abide
No thought of soul as free to go
Where ought of beauty more would know.

But sitting in the place as found
 Still on the ground,
As though not daring yet to stir;
 Sweet dream defer;
The soul though knowing of its own,
 Of heaven gained
 Would now remain
With sorrow, shame, "that was" forgot,
Yet would remain in heaven stop.

No thought of death as having come
 With heaven won,
Though pleasant distant faintest fell,
 Of body real,
As laying in the bower of flowers,
 Of apple frame
 That roses claim
With body breathing sweet perfume,
The soul has gone to heaven's room.

The beauty clouds with constant change
And rearrange,
Would hold a soul as newly come
If it begun
With viewing of their passing show,
To gaze on them—
To look in them
As watching for unrolling schroll,
Expecting wonders from its folds.

Wonders from the color drifts
Of heaven gifts,
To see a snow of every hue
And flakes of blue
When deepest fold has glided out;
What grandness gained,
What heaven lane,
When edges of the ends arise
To catch the rays, bedaze the eyes?

With deepest blue below in fold
The ends of gold;
Thus is the lane of heaven formed,
Not color storm,
And soul that's watching gladly cheers;
The show as had
That made it glad,
Yes, glad with beauty colors formed
And not a simple color storm.

And like in this was ever gained—
 This heaven lane,
New beauty comes for thoughts of bliss
 The soul to kiss,
Not disappointment as known on earth
 With sorrow had
 And thoughts of bad,
But sweetest beauty for surprise
That greets the soul with angel eyes.

With thought of color flakes to fall
 From beauty wall,
The eye descends to heaven ground
 With look around
O'er grandure far excell'ing thought
 Of body mind
 Of worldly kind,
Imagination nor sweet dream
This blissful beauty could not be seem.

No, no, not seem, but heaven real,
 For soul to feel
The joys of earth as most superb;
 Extol the word,
Then multiply with glorious glare,
 Magnificent
 And merriment—
Yet will it lack the pleasure gained
What soul would not in heaven remain.

Another peep at pleasures had
 By soul so glad,
With view of sparkling clouds divine
 In colors shine,
Bedecked with beauty soothing hallow
 As seen by day
 With color ray
Delights in shadows luminous
Enraptured, calm, luxurious.

The change of clouds as now to globes
 With radiant robes,
Revolving flowery waving blades,
 Each other shade;
And shading each its tint impart
 On brighter one
 Inviting sun;
Thus elegant this glistening change
While constant flashing blades arrange.

Each lovely globe with dazzle shade
 To change—not fade,
The angel eye can not return
 At every turn
Of color claimed by globe distinct
 From other cloud
 Not color loud
But charming tints and charming hues,
Delightful scene and cheerful views.

Bright globes revolving now in pairs
 With constant flare,
Not blinding as on earth the sun
 Whose colors run
Though each have color of its own.
 As all the blades
 Of every shade,
Then while they turn the facing side,
Infused the hues, together glide.

Alluring, pure spheroid prolate
 Without a mate,
A gently gliding amethyst,
 Not blades with this
But smoothe as brilliant violet blue
 In heaven sky
 To globes defy;
Oh, rapturous pleasing ecstasy,
This holy thrilling grand display.

This sparkling, winning, lustrous sphere
 Now gliding near,
A friendly pair—refulgent globes,
 Sublime geodes,
With surfaces of diamond depths
 Whose charming hues
 Delights subdue—
Subdue with more divine delight
With heaven's heaven holy sight.

Delights of heaven views elate,
 Joys exquisite,
As though the soul with it was sad,
 Delightful mad,
Must such display for it excel,
 Sublime select
 In glad collect
To raise the soul above divine,
Prevent attempt to world define.

The thought that comes with sphere's approach
 Globes' space encroach,
With gentle glide serene confide,
 Revolving slide
Between the globes whose diamond hues
 Whose glistening caves
 Resplendant waves,
The soul observing wonder scene,
Exquisite fear of coming gleam.

Oh, now if sphere would make abode
 Between the globes,
And resting with revolving pair
 Together glare,
Exchanging hues transporting tints,
 Display divine
 Harmony kind,
Again the thought has better fate,
The sphere around the globes rotate.

Revolves each globe in beauty grown

Sublime alone,

Revolve again around its mate—

The charm narrate,

With spheriod passing in between,

Imparting hues

Superb diffuse,

Then over globe around the mate

Resplendant radiant figure eight.

Before the sphere had found its place,

The globes to grace,

Above from higher heaven appeared

Transparent clear,

Cylindrical elleptic ring

With tinted lace

O'er all its face

To help excel the glorious scene,

The wonder grandeur to demean.

Exalted sphere harmonious race

To soul bedaze,

The brilliant ring surrounded all,

Enchanting fall;

Divine the triumph bliss display

With colors gained

Transparent stained,

While sphere with globes of every tinge,

Impart to rings' embellished fringe.

With narrative of rings compact,

Not lovely lack

On earth a simple bubble soap;

Can only hope

That body rings as like in show

To tints bedeck

With constant wreck,

And wrecked to greater hues bestow

Resplendant rapture beauty grow.

Thus were the changing tints of sphere

With globes so near

Absorbed by ring with gain of charm,

Sublime adorn,

As halo circle delight improve

Not with compete

But to complete

The gleaming glistening brilliant bliss,

Caress to gladden celestial kiss.

What words to tell of that to form

In place was born,

To fill the glorious space around

From sky to ground,

Aurora Borealis shamed,

New heaven this

Exceeding bliss,

Sensations undescribed remain

In mind of soul from body sane.

With all as formed in heaven sky
 Descriptions lie,
Such glorious wonders that I saw,
 Ecstatic awe,
With all these radiant tinted hues
 As under tent
 Heaven's heaven lent,
With floor of heaven to be told
As other dreams for saddened soul.

Delights divine, display define,
 The scene is mine,
With wondrous, with harmonious crash,
 With merry flash
The heaven scene in glad explode,
 Gems fill the sky
 And diamonds fly,
Bedeck the air the glistening ground
With precious stones and diamonds found.

The wish of soul for color storm
 At first was born,
No thought of gems with flashing rays
 For heaven's stay,
No thought of higher heaven cloud
 To gently burst,
 Its gems disburse
And not a thought to think as now
Of heaven rainbow tell of how?

As with the rainbow of the earth
 The heavens girth,
As in its beauty to the cloud
 Or earthly shroud,
So is this heaven heaven's bow
 To all that's told
 To beauty hold,
When with its wondrous glad delight
Of lustrous glorious holy light.

It greets the soul of mortal man
 To rapture fan—
Such rapture had with body held
 Would either weld
The soul to mortal case entire
 Or would expand
 To comprehend
Commodious space for thrilling joy,
Burst mortal bands leaves its alloy.

Not with the body eye could see
 The glittering glee,
Refulgent lustrous glittering flare
 Not eye to stare
But with the angel eye improved
 When mortals sleep
 Not body weak,
Luxurious gentle tranquil joy
For soul to greet without alloy.

Oh, band of heaven's heaven sky,
Your beauty why
Could not the scholar have described !
Not ignorance bribe
Where words of beauty all that's known
Must call to aid
To make the raid
For lines that mind of man can grasp
And yet not simple mind need ask.

The rain of diamonds, precious stones,
Were not alone
But every beautiful gem was for
Storm meteor;
Not gems or earth that's known to tell
Æsthetic sight
Aerolite
Ameliorate sun for display
With beauty color for each ray.

Effulgent, brilliant, circumfuse,
Evoke diffuse,
Each gem each ray to emulate,
Meliorate;
Even now it is a paradox
Or apologue
Through heaven broad—
Yes, heaven broad and every way
All space as filled with color rays.

If mind of man can comprehend
 The elysium,
Its beautiful splendor in the air,
 Parallax so fair,
It would constrain the soul's acme,
 Its say accute
 From absolute
Could not as think accessory
Nor actuate with thought agree.

But claim the soul its mineret
 Not to regret,
Should hold its say expatiate
 The better fate
To gain in advocate of man
 For all as told
 To have it sold
And not to tell of coalesce,
Expatiate would be deceive.

Affluxion to coalesce
 In armistice,
Each band as bright agglutinate
 As though cognate
To thus cohesse to osculate
 While colors run
 As though in fun
And merge with mellow to evince
For soul of mortal wonder glimpse.

Each color band as annulose
 For greater joy,
And each with gradual deeper dye
 At center lie;
Each band as rope in form appear
 Each strand a hue
 Attention sue,
Each strand as sinuous as it glows
While twisting with the band it flows.

The vaulted baldric now enfused
 Each part profuse,
A band of running, twisting rays
 Harmony stays,
Alternate bands if such there be
 With braided row
 Opposing go,
The beautiful color tints entwine
In swiftly passing hues sublime.

Then to eclipse the grandeur made,
 Divine to raid,
The twisting, racing, passing beams
 Rejoicing gleam
Meet with the sylvan kissing rays
 As cloak adorn
 Is halo'd born
To sparkle brightly in its place
While winking at the glimmering race.

The halo vaulted o'er the belt,
 Its beauty felt
With semi-circle open down
 To form around,
And concave mirror catching rays
 From back of bow
 Its glory show—
Its glory, yes, to glory grown
As glory is in heaven known.

O'er halos and o'er vaulted bow,
 New clouds to glow—
Yes, new in beauty and in form
 As of the storm,
To tell of all would be no end
 With changes come
 In constant run
And leaving them for other view
For every thing in heaven new.

Abide to tell of ease effused
 The bliss diffused
By mellow shades that clouds bestow
 To soul below,
Though tranquil be the soul in bliss
 With whitest rays
 In brightest day,
Not thinking of increased delight
With tinted beauty wave in flight.

Sublime the palmy calm caress
 As though to bless
The soul from rapture to relieve,
 Oh, glad achieve !
Bright shadow clouds their hues impart
 To heaven flowers,
 Celestial bowers,
The soul inhales as benison
Perfumes from fairest flowers come.

Rejoice with soothing thrill extreme
 From bliss redeemed,
To lave serene in shades conceived
 Acme achieved,
Enhanced, enriched, meiorate,
 Delight exalt
 From heaven vault,
Emerge from bliss to paradise,
Exquisite raptured soul to rise.

To rise from ground or heaven floor
 No thought to soar,
Though soul refreshed with shades of storm,
 New blessing born
With thought to walk in heaven place
 Though in the nude
 Beatitude
Extreme the bliss with shame as left
If sins have been of them bereft.

To tell of all in heaven had
 With task am glad,
Defer for volume soon to come
 With it begun;
For volume with no sorrow known
 With clouds to girth
 Then angels birth,
In beauty cones, sweet voices sing
And of the joy sweet angels bring.

Describe the heaven floor in parts,
 The clouds as start;
Describe the flowers, the wood and lawn
 And heaven morn,
With tell of rivers, lakes and falls
 In memory had
 No part of sad,
Of beauty walks and pleasant way
How souls in heaven happy stay.

How happy with their wanderings
 Their bliss to bring,
While climbing hill and walking dale
 Delights prevail,
Without a thought of weary limb,
 Though pleasant home
 To rest from roam,
Yes, pleasant home if pleasant be
Each heaven soul will ever see.

Even as the soul returned to tell
Of place to dwell

Where with two angels beauty grace

His dwelling place;

Two, who the guardian angel said,

Were made for him—

Would wait for him,

Prepare the palace, garden grand

For coming soul in heaven land.

Two angels pure his soul to greet,

Fair fairies sweet,

With beauty forms divine to see,

Oh, happy me !

The nights with them a month of day

In heaven's way

Elysium gay,

At least a year with heaven known

In youth and strength as angel grown.

With night as had that of the last,

Heaven year as past

When guardian angel did proclaim

That soul remain

With body prison on earth a time,

A work to do

Not work to rue;

Though angel failed to name the task

Soul had no thought of it to ask.

While thus the soul with angel mates
 In blissful state,
At times the guardian angel came
 The soul to claim,
To take away from fairest two,
 From heaven home
 Abroad to roam,
To guide the soul in place to show
Through hell and vulgar place below.

Through place of torture known as hell
 Of it to tell
With volume thought to follow one
 Of heaven known
As it was seen with journey through
 With angel guide,
 To all confide
To show the grandeur of the place
And dungeon halls the grands disgrace.

Yet lower down in space with guide
 As angels ride
To home of vulgar nasty souls,
 Their proper goal,
The most will tell with baptist wrong
 And have it o'er
 In heart a sore,
Then let it heal with pleasant days
And sorrowed souls have happier stay.

The part with this be short and brief
Of vulgar grief;
Then chapter ten be torn from book
With but a look,
And word that's used of nasty kind—
Extreme profane
The place to name
May not with public gain a hold
For decency in filth to roll.



VIII.

CONFORMATION.

A WAKE with the sorrow,
The sin in my heart,
Awake in the orchard
From heaven to part,
Awake with the shame,
The shroud o'er my home
Await for the morrow
And suffer alone.

With suns rays of morning
As seen through the flowers,
With sun rays as calling
From sweet heaven bowers,

While soul was in heaven
Poor body was weak,
With night air upon it
The fever to seek,
The fever and trouble
With loss of the home,
From sweet bowers parted
Now fated to roam.

Wild now with the anguish
The trouble has made,
With cry to the Maker,
Deep sorrow to wade.

The beauty of orchard,
The love of the flowers,
Resort of the past
For happiest hours.

With memory of heaven,
With fever on brain,
The orchard and flowers
Heaven beauty have gained.

The lawns of the mower
As made for the hay,
Become blooming flowers
As though there to stay.

Bright colors of heaven,
Of rainbow and storm,
Are brought for the trees—
The orchard adorn.

Each leaf, limb and blossom,
Bright tints to them bring,
Each apple as half grown
As gold have become.

Flowers that are now blooming
Such hues to impart,
Perfumes have to rapture
The poor broken heart.

The birds sweetly singing
In beauty have gained,
Heaven hues for their plumage
With memory stained;
Yes, birds sweetly singing
If sweet sounds can be
As heard while in heaven
From birds in the trees.

Oh, woman so hardened
As lost to all shame,
The act not forgiven
Nor act of the blame
For man who had loved her
Her home had prepared
When sickened with sorrow
Her sin his despair.

Now weakened with sorrow,
Denied at the home
But loaded in wagon
Away from it bourn

And taken to strangers—
To hospital near,
In charge of the sisters—
Earth women so dear,
In charge of physician—
Heart-break could not cure
Though kindest attention
From sisters so pure.

The fever soon broken
Though sorrow remains,
The mind as affected
Its hell to detain.

Detained while awakened
May be as insane,
In heaven while sleeping
With bliss to remain.

How great was the contrast
Of hell had by day
With mind at night conquered
In glory to stay—
In glory with angels,
The two were for me
My home that in heaven
No shame there to see.

Divine is their beauty
With cunning to lure,
Enamored with culture
Of angels so pure.

Though nude as intended
No shame ever known,
So blessed in elysium
With purity grown.

Such sweetness for mortal,
For soul born in sin,
Such blessings with beauty
In heaven begin.

As sylph slender fairies
With fairest of forms
In dignity nature's
Sweet smiles to conform.

Connate from the maker,
Cognate if it be,
Cohere for reception,
Ornate they to me.

As constant devoted
In all things agree,
As constant together
Devoted we three.

Sweet kiss the soul greeted,
Sweet nectar from lips,
Espoused as in heaven,
Its nector to sip.

Enfused as ennobled,
In ecstasy held,
Delight of exalted
With virtue to weld.

Awake with the sorrow,
The third time to-day,
With drugs yet as dreaming,
Not heaven array
Though memory of it
Is dim as compared
With dreams had in heaven
With angels so fair.

The third time awakened,
Revenge to obtain
As dimly remembered
And freedom as gained
From stairway—the back one,
To street softly steal,
Then office of lawyer
For justice appeal.

Appeal with revolver
With aim at the heart,
To send to its Maker
The soul with sin dark,
But justice against me
So soon in the start
The bullet must miss him—
Leave me in his power.

In power of giant
No mercy with him,
To wreck happy homes—
Immerse them in sin
His object in living,
In life all his aim,
To ruin the virtue—
Repay with ill fame.

That none had been present
Would have been for best,
My soul then be numbered
With those of the blest.

From sorrow departed,
From sins that were his,
With soul then as willing
To stay with its bliss.

Again with the sisters
The hospital gained
With aid of a stranger,
To be there detained
Until with the sorrow
The drugs should engraft
The soul with the body
Not from it bereft,

That night—now the fourth one,
With heaven obtained,
Both angels as ever
Their sweetness remain,
Sweet kisses for greeting,
Perfumes with the bliss,
Sweet smell of their bodies
Was had with their kiss.

Each beauty as willing
Its sister to take,
To kiss, one, the other
Would give for her sake,
Then give as in gladness
For kisses they had
By kissing each other,
Make soul of man glad.

Each one as of person
Perfumes part of self,
The blonde of the tube rose,
The beautiful elf,
Brunette, rose geranium,
To fascinate soul,
Of love from the mortal
Both equally hold.

For perfumes imparted
Were given their names,
Sweet blonde is the rose,
Geranium remains,
So pleased were the angels—
No name had before—
Embrace to show gladness,
More kisses bestow.

Then playfully running
With laughter and glee,
So graceful the angels,
Such charms had to see,
With voices the sweetest,
With eyes sparkling bright,
As smiling so pretty,
Enraptured with sight.

To catch one such pleasure,
So sweet the repay,
With both then embracing
With laughter so gay.
In ecstasy mortal
With cuddle so close,
While bodies sweet meeting,
No trouble with clothes.

Elated and joyful,
Elysium here,
As dream is in Heaven
No shame to bring fear.

Oh, sweetest of heaven,
Such bliss now obtained
For soul of the mortal
Would wish to remain,
When coming from vilest
That's known upon earth
To heaven with purest
The angels to girth.

Awakened as mortal,
Again with the sin,
The drugs for their duty
Hold sorrow within;

Oh, sisters of mercy,
Such kindness to me
When coming from angels
On earth to meet thee.

Your kindness to soften
The anger was had,
To teach me forgiveness
For all of the bad;
Receiving the lost one,
On night that she came,
With welcome and kindness,
Forgetting ill fame.

Then with her in carriage
With darkness to hide,
The kisses forgiveness
As had with the ride.

Forgive and forget
With promised reform
Was sworn by the guilty
With love newly born,
While riding the mile
To end of the track,
With home that is further
Alone to go back.

“ Oh, darling, don't leave me,
But take me with you,
Your leaving the sinning
My health will renew.
No drugs of the doctor
When soul is the weak
Are needed as aiding,
But love it would greet.”

“ No, no,” she insisted,
“ To hospital go,
Then come to your welcome
When well you have grown;
The car now is coming,
Adieu for a time,
Remember I love,
Your love to be mine.”

With kiss at the parting,
Again with the hand,
As car is now starting
In carriage to stand;
Then she turning homeward
With smile to bestow;
Now am I returning
To hospital? no!

But quickly alighting
At street further down,
For walk to the cottage
My life work had found.

Arriving and praying
While walking the way,
Yes, praying for courage
With loved one to stay.

Though now at the gateway
With heart that is weak,
And wanting in courage
With woman to speak.
When her, was opposing,
And knowing of old,
Would door now be opened
Or love become cold?

Then seeking the bower
Of roses and tree,
More prayers to make
For her and for me.

“Oh, God, will you help her
That she may reform !
Bring her to repentance

With goodness conform;
And God hear my prayers
To have me forgive
In heart as in word
While with her I live;
Oh, hear me, my Savior,
My thanks to receive,
And make me repentant
Her oath to believe.”

Refreshed with the praying
And stay with the flowers,
With heart newly strengthened
By praying an hour,
With footsteps as quickened
Now walk to the door,
To knock with new courage
Expect love restored.

So quickly the answer
By her yet awake,
“Who knocks, what is wanted,
Why come here so late?”
“It is I, sweetest darling.
It is I, am returning,
I could not go from you,
With heart for you yearning.”

“ You should not come here,
I think you insane,
And fear now to greet you,
For coming your blame.”

My God, the suspicion
That comes to my mind,
To think her now guilty
And man with her find.

With quickness in thinking
To do that was best,
“ My darling, the orchard
To see will be rest.”

“ Then on your returning
The door will unlock.”
She said it so gladly,
The worst was the shock.

With sin then was dealing,
To strategy fall,
And rapidly running
Around to front hall;
The front door was opened,
Just standing ajar,
A light that was gleaming.
Not seen from afar,

With step then in silence
And softly to steal
O'er porch to the portal—
Heart beats now to feel.

Then when at the entrance,
Was standing so near
To push door wide open
With no thought of fear.

My God, what to witness !
What way to reform !
The giant was dressing
In hall to perform
With woman in whiteness
As clothed for the night;
At last not a doubt left
Of her way of right.

“At last I have caught you,
No need to deny,
At last have discovered,
Now where you defy ? ”

Then quickly he grabbed me,
As quick was my call
Of “murder ” and “ help, help ! ”
Till stunned with the fall.

Then while he would search me,
No gun was possessed,
With warning to lay still
Or take his caress.

His gun it was pointed
To aid in the threat,
No need for the warning
Nor yet for the fret.

With sorrow and weakness
In power of giant,
His gun as a warning
If I show defiance.

Then while I was waking
From stun of the blow,
The lawyer was dressing,
Not yet though to go.

But order was given
For me to arise,
The great room to enter
To meet more surprise.

Then spoke the great lawyer
In home that was mine,
“What are your intentions,

To us them define.
And say if exposing
You will to the world
Of that now discovered
You say now unfurl? ”

“ My say is a short one
Of what I will do,
From here you must take her,
Divorce I pursue.

Then spoke up the harlot,
Must have her own say,
“ This place is in my name
And here I will stay.”

To follow the lawyer,
Gave law for my use,
“ You know I must kill you
If this you refuse,
Swear now you will never
Your life to redeem,
No matter what happens
Between you and me,
This night that has happened
The world must not see,
Arise to the bible,
Place on it your hand,

The oath in your own way
Or life I demand."

"To swear that, I will not,
For life that is mine,
Kill then if you want to
And add to your crime,
It will be a mercy
To end my distress,
It will be a blessing
To put me at rest."

"My God, man," he answered,
"What is it you do?
Your oath, I demand it,
Or I must end you."

Then unto his mistress
He asked "will it be
A suicide happened
If his soul I make free?"

Reply, oh, the sweetest
From her of his heart,
"Will swear that he purposed
From earth to depart;
I will and am willing
That you quickly end

A life that is vilest
And give me amend."

Now seated in rocker
Near table in center,
And weakened, excited—
May be was demented—
With tears freely flowing,
So easy they come
Since sin was discovered
Have they freely run.

The giant was standing
As though watching door,
Revolver was handy
For further implore,
When raising and aiming
With look of intent
A step nearer coming,
To kill surely meant.

When quickly repenting,
Would have him forbear,
With hands both extended
And cry, "I will swear."

He lowered revolver
When thinking to stand,

And reaching the bible
For placing of hand,
But weakened and wearied
Fell back in the seat,
When women assisting
Condition to meet

Placed bible of family
To nearer my hand,
Then reaching as sitting
Obeyed the demand.

With oath as completed
The giant must ask,
If oath was intended
For bonified mask.

“ I have no intention
To tell of that here,
Divorce will be granted,
Without it no fear.”

The woman was angered,
Now rose for an act,
To gain the revolver,
Make secret a fact,

But giant rejected,
Kept hold of the gun,
Would not let her have it,
Believed he had won.

Appointed advisor,
Himself for my good,
“Get out of the country
As quick as you can,
Or if I shall meet you
On street night or day
Will kill you for certain,
Defense for my say.”

Then quickly departing,
The lawyer back way,
Myself from the gateway
No longer would stay,
As time was the summer
The hospital gained
For air of the chambers
Doors opened remained.

The sisters attending
Was thoughtful of care,
Had placed drug for sleeping
Near cot on a chair,

Then quick with the drinking
And quick with the prayer,
Sweet sleep and the rapture
To heaven repair.

What wonder, what beauty,
The place now to find !
Why this is my garden,
The flowers my kind,
My trees, the magnolia
So graceful and high
With flowers white and purple,
I thought they had died.

Red bud and horse chestnut,
Elms, linden and birch,
The poplar and maple,
With dogwood, high beech,
Here ash that are flowering;
Near willow, catalpa;
My tulip tree growing
Near pine, yew and larch,
All flowering or budding
With season as one.
These trees that I planted
For pleasure and fun,
And many more with them
The names have forgot,

Such beauty arrangement
Their growth has begot.

In places the shrubs
So many I had,
All flowering together,
Oh, now I am glad !
The roses are scattered
With trees and the shrubs,
Here every kind growing
With flowers or buds;
Not only those growing
At home on the earth
But all that I planted
Here having new birth.

Look now, see the garden,
Oh, is it not grand ?
Arranged as I wanted
And growing as planned,
With walks that are pretty
In lawn, and so neat
With borders all blooming—
My flowers so sweet.

The flora of daisies,
Of marigold, thyme,
In border of violets,

Description decline;
Ice plant and the lilies,
Larkspur with the pink,
The catch-fly and astors
Near tulips and pansies,
The vine, morning glory
On evergreen trees,
And hedges for climbing
Magnificent these !
And oh, here my tube rose
With geranium bed,
To name all a chapter
Or volume be had.

So grand now my garden,
So charming to see,
All blooming together,
With shrubs and with trees.

And here is my lake
With fountain in midst,
Ravine with the dam,
The bridge of rustic,
All as I had planned
In my dreams for the home—
For day of the future,
With cease of the roam.

Why, what is the palace
Now standing in rear ?
What beautiful building—
How came it in here ?
My thoughts when with riches
Improvement to make,
The field was my pasture,
Such beauty to take
With all the surroundings,
As thought when at task
With flowers and bushes—
Not more can I ask.

Why, there are my darlings,
Geranium and Rose,
Near doorway of palace,
My home they have chose;
Now walking through flowers
And coming this way,
Oh, won't it be fun
In bower to stay,
And give them surpsise
When near me they come !
Oh, won't it be charming
To see them both run !
What rapture, what music !
Why, 'tis their sweet voices

While coming with singing
My soul now rejoices.

THE SONG.

Tune, "Sweet Home."

We wait in heaven, our heavenly home,
We wait for thee, for whom we were made,
Preparing the home for when you may come,
With beauty preparing our heavenly home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Preparing for loved one in glory a home.

With longing for day, one brightest for us,
With watching and waiting, our happiest time,
With thinking of you who are coming to us,
Preparing for him for whom we were made;

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Preparing for loved one in glory a home.

Oh, come to us, darling! oh, come to your joy!
Delay not with anguish in body below,
But come for reward, yes, come to your glory,
Come and remain in your heavenly home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Come then our loved one to glory your home.

Your angels are calling; oh, can you not hear?
With songs we are calling for you whom we love,
For you who alone of all that may be,
Yes, calling to come to your heaven sweet home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Calling you, loved one, to glory your home.

“Geranium, Rose,
Now that time I caught you;
How sweetly you sing,
I could not but stop you
For kisses you bring,
No, not both together;
There, Rose, you must wait
Though I don't know whether
Yours first I should take;
The first one to catch me—”
Such fun as we had,
With kisses embracing
And all of us glad.

The palace forgotten
With greeting so sweet,
Bright birds that are singing
Where angels can meet

With air sweet perfume
Each bush with its flowers,
Each tree now in blossom,
With vines over bowers,
The lawn soft as velvet,
So pleasant to feet
Or sweeter for resting
Sweet bodies to meet;
The air is elixer
For angels to breathe,
Cloud-tinted reflection
More beauty bequeathed,
With angels so graceful
On lawns' softest place,
Sweet smell of their bodies,
Still sweeter embrace,
With laughter and kissing,
With rolling and play,
Such blessing possessing
In heaven would stay,
Then while we were singing
Or running in play
Perfumes for our breathing
With birds sweetest lay;
The clouds with their kisses
The angels to greet,
Loaned tints to enrapture

With changes so sweet,
With colors for bodies,
With colors for flowers;
Oh, clouds with such beauty
Above heaven's bowers.

To tell of the rapture
My soul now possessed
The pen though not memory
Refuses address;
To tell of the sweetest
Of bodies to meet,
With cuddle so closely
Such bliss here to greet;
If heaven be gained
On earth with the fair •
Then what is this pleasure
With heaven's sweet pair ?



IX.

DIVORCE.

HOW delightful is the gaining
Of the freedom from the sining,
Though the sinners do the winning
They had won from the beginning.

Not a show for the applying,
Wronged against a lawyer trying;
When the lawyer does the buying
Wronged's attorney no denying.

Yet with freedom am rejoicing
Though defendants did divorcing,
For divorce I did the sighing,
With divorce will do defying.

The decree is that remaining
Their defense from this containing,
And my writing advertising
Leave their friends to do the buying.

I have done my share of crying,
Never harm with their denying
Nor my work with their defying,
For their say now am I sighing.

Will the lawyer do arresting,
Help to gain that here investing
Where the lack of interesting
Help the truth in its progressing?

Will they bring a suit for telling?
Let me have a chance for selling,
Show defense as had for suing,
For divorce I was pursuing.

Will I stop my cry with writing,
When for home and children fighting?
Will the Baptists do my preaching
While their doings I am teaching?

Will my work on their religion,
That my pen is now completing,
Bring the sinners to their fountain?
With the chapters there containing.

May be others not yet Christians
Will be told of in exposing,
If they have not had immersion
I will aid them with confession.

Yet for me no curses needed
For their church may be am weeding,
Of the few who do the sinning
With the sisters they are winning.

Now to leave surprise that's coming
For more men and women cunning,
Many families do the crying
Who my wrongs have been denying.

Some have said my day was coming,
For it must I do the running,
Some expected more of gunning
But for that I was too cunning.

Let them live to hear my preaching,
Being sinners hear my teaching,
While I live their sin defying
And will live to do their writing.

Never mind the books not selling,
I will work to pay for printing,
Give them free as pay for reading,
Tell how Baptists are proceeding.

Fifty years of life for sinners,
All my savings, they the winners,
Fifty more if God is willing
Work exposing all the sinning.

Did they stop my ruin beginning
When my wife from me was winning?
Did they think that I was willing
Home and children go with sinning?

Did they stop with all the ruin
What the debts that now are suing,
When of children, home and money
They had robbed me? Oh, how funny!

Funny! yes, without my doing,
With the writing now am wooing,
Funny! yes, of it am laughing,
Joke their own—they do the quaffing.

Not a thought of writing taking,
Not a thought of money making,
Only tell of sin their seeking,
Not expecting public greeting.

Lawyer great the senate gaining,
Gets the clients his obtaining,
Keeps a partner so defiant
For the ruining of his clients.

He who saved when with poor aiming
When revenge with gun was gaining,
He is known without the naming,
Stopped his partner with his claiming.

He who told how woman seeking
Met his giant partner frequent—
In back office had their meeting
When the devil saw the greeting.

Yet with knowing of the ruin
That his partner was pursuing,
Though his client promptly paying
When for services was praying.

Notwithstanding giant's doings
With a client's wife a wooing,
Noted lawyer backs the sinner,
For his aid as senate winner.

Now returning to beginning
For a work of honor pledging,
For a word on masons staying
When for aid a brother's praying.

Though no money was delaying,
For their services was paying,
Never begging for the working
Where excuse for all the shirking.

Not a lawyer for the trying,
For divorce I was applying,
Not one for the giant's defying,
File the bill for all my crying.

Brother lawyer he the sinner,
Lawyer brother sure the winner,
Mason brothers' waive the swearing,
Even these the cross were wearing.

Waive their pledge before offending,
Break their oath with vile descending,
Stand with sin their oaths defaulting,
Sworn to aid their brother's calling.

With the loss of home as staring,
With the loss of children wearing,
With the loss of health appearing,
Even mind the loss a fearing.

If not trouble with the sinning,
Where the masons' oath beginning,
If not trouble with this brother,
What the trouble, oaths to bother.

Work of life to lose appearing,
Loss of children worse the fearing,
Loss of home as being certain,
Loss of honor with their working.

Masons' oaths should change their wording,
Not the iron clad ones of girding,
Swear protection for their fellow,
Not opposed great odd-fellow.

When a lodge forgetting pledges,
Where the grand lodge with their wages,
What result investigated,
Brother's wrongs to be debated.

Of the wrongs that he was feeling,
Of the manner of his greeting,
Of the way he was defeated,
For the help that he was pleading.

But the giant's high position
And his money and condition,
Would consider of his honor,
Leave the brother wronged to wonder.

As the country's laws for weaker
When the weaker is the seeker,
All the laws are for the greater,
With the giant's partner maker.

So with pledges of the templar,
If the weaker one remember
That the oaths make no exception,
Yet they give him cool reception.

Force him in the hands of villians,
Wrongs be done him they are willing,
Not a hand to raise as helping,
When in trouble not his making.

Leave him with a lawyer scurvy,
Took the money for his worry,
Sold his client at the trial
As intended all the while,

Hired lawyer yet another,
Hired to watch his villain brother;
Where was he on day of trial ?
Where was he that little while.

Not with me as was agreed,
Not with me in time of need,
But with me for all the fee
Though no court room did he see.

Where were witnesses from sheriff,
Where subpœnas for their worth ?
What to stop subpœnas made ?
Did the giant make a raid ?

Let the cross bill have its way,
They the victors of the day,
Though with freedom have I gained
Not of that can I complain.

REJOICING.

At last their work is done
For her and me,
With evil they began,
Thank God, I am free !

The fun they had for years,
I did not see,
The fun one night appears;
Thank God, I am free !

Five years at least it run,
All that agree;
When months I knew was one;
Thank God, I am free !

Oh, happy day at last,
With this decree,
Divorce from sin of past;
Thank God, I am free !

From robbery and wrong
They did to me;
Oh, happy is my song,
Thank God, I am free !

No more to sleep in barn,
The last degree,
Or in the bowers of farm;
Thank God, I am free !

No more to beg reform
From evil deeds,
No gun for his disarm;
Thank God, I am free !

No more to weep all night
Among the trees,
No praying wrongs to right;
Thank God, I am free !

No more to take the scorn
With spit on me,
To call me vulgar son;
Thank God, I am free !

A year has nearly passed
For referee,
All be who know I ask;
Thank God, I am free !

Oh, prairie flower belle
Of low degree,
Alone now have your hell;
Thank God, I am free !

So fast was you with love
That Sunday eve
When I would call you dove;
Thank God, I am free !

As you with me begun
Sweet purity,
To others with it run;
Thank God, I am free,

When many with you stay,
Where rarity,
When many with you play;
Thank God, I am free !

Oh, virtue, such as this,
A fie to thee,
Shame to such virtue kiss;
Thank God, I am free !

So glad that all is past
Twixt her and me,
Heart mended now at last;
Thank God, I am free !



X.

LOWER HELL, OR PLACE OF "S-U-T."

THE God who made for me my heaven home
Gave me the angels pure sweet place to grace,
Must have prepared the place for those to mourn
Who drove me from my earth home gave the hell in place.

Of, how an angel with me journeyed through
When both with hollowed ball as one enclosed,
By it protected from the filth and spew,
Will leave for volume of the church exposed.

Will leave as it is written, lengthened page,
Too much for volume of their spoils remains,
Will leave for help to show my awful rage,
With terror wrongs the awful page contains.

Will leave for book those of the church to view,
With title of the name of lower hell
As joined with other title church to rue,
Two names that fit together, oh, so well.

Will leave, but tell another awful fact
Of he who first the crime and sin begot,
The arch fiend brute whose Satanic act
Ranks him with devils, demons, ruffian, sot.

What must the order, noble in its name,
With member, who so nasty in his deeds,
Their nobleness must be is in the wane
When brothers sow such awful dirty seed.

He, I. O. O. F.'s, unmentioned body spot,
Each body proof of it, the bodies need,
Though this their tuber pile they should enrout,
With knife of ballot pull the stinking weed.

Of members joined to other orders sworn,
What depth for older one in sin to fall,
To leave a brother known in freedom born,
Not answer to his terror sorrow call.

Despair repeats where now your ancient brag
Where now the cause of newly gilded halls
And where the God, and was the book a rag
With oaths forgotten when weaker brother calls?

This dirty partner of noble senator,
(How noble backing ruin of his clients,
And breaking mason's oath is violator,
And to his oath of office shows defiance,

As said before he knew his partner's sin
With seeing woman often at their place,
And when disarmed appeared to enter in
Defence of client against the great disgrace.

*He heard the awful oath of wicked one
Thrice sworn "by God" before he chose to cease;
Deceived to gain the promise from the wronged
That dirty man might ever feel at ease.)*

The offal of the Democratic side,
Their rotten eggs to aid in the endure,
When with his presence he with them abide,
Each one with egg fresh opened for the cure.

A felon's brother, bars their coat of arms,
The brother's crime by far the least of wrong,
When ruining homes of clients, where greater harm,
Set free the nobler brother, imprison giant strong.

Who lowest pimp and ill bred mongrel dog
Immoral and unclean, profane to see,
Unfit to wallow in the sty with hogs,
A vagrant imp of Satan all agree.

Obscene his dastard and inhuman act,
Obtaining clients when their wives would reach,
With traitor act the dirty awful fact
To other clients what nastier object teach.

Such wickedness for wrecking happy homes
The bloated scoundrel with his awful lust
Must take to make a happy family mourn
And make the clean the lowest ones disgust.

Such wickedness the poison viper done
For vilest fun was his disgusting act,
Imposing on the confidence of one
Who trusted him with honor in compact.

Who trusted him with work of saving home,
And paid him well for time of services,
To be the one to make his client mourn,
And ruin the home reward the premises.

A man who seeks to do such wicked deeds,
To practice law in country such as this,
Should be debared, as act provided reads,
Not backed by Maker of the law that is.

In justice to the author as inviting more trouble with his description of the land of "S-U-T," it being of a character to exclude it from the United States mail, we have forcibly induced him to omit it. The description, however, is well defined, and like in the point to be obtained as in his description of heaven, they being contraries. The reader can form a vivid imagination of the seventy-five verses omitted.

That all is told, the dirty name remains,
For place of filth, for souls with filth corrupt
Made up as extract, to all stink contain,
Not lower hell but nasty stinking "s-u-t."

Yes, name made up from all that is impure,
Of hemorrhage and matter from a boil,
And even then for name must be mature,
Be putrified by having further spoil.

With reeking and repulsive terror stink,
As mixed with scabs from itch to sweeter mess,
Then will its fluid be a pleasant drink
Compared with sound of name so nasty, yes.

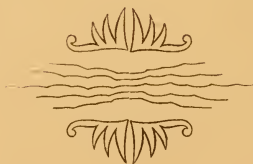
A further proof that God knows all to come
When placing souls in bodies of the dust,
He must have known the soul for dirty one
To place it where the name would cause disgust.

To place it where its stink would be endured,
Where it would take the name of vulgar place,
God must have known its filth, and how impure;
He must have known to send to proper race.

May be allowed with words that's bad to tell,
To call a fellow name for mother, "slut;"
Say to companion that his home is hell
But death to say you are a son of "s-u-t."

Not one so low, to take the epithet
As being sired by lowest stinking man,
And if companion bid him go to "s-u-t,"
The lowest man will kill him if he can.

How low must be the woman who he meets,
What honor gained for lowest of her kind,
What smell to leave with any she may greet,
Be known by it, the stink to be her sign.



SUMMARY.

God made a man and woman, and placed them on this
earth,
To them came many children, through heaven's sacred
birth,
And thus a beautiful home was formed, full of happiness
and mirth,
No care, no fear of future came upon that pleasant hearth
Until a devil rang his rattles and hissed "a victim's found,"
Then was that happy home undone and ruin gathered
round,
And while the devil and his friends with sin the mother
bound,
Blew their hellish trumpets, there was sorrow in the sound,
Now that the ruin is complete the world has joined their
cry,
The day is gained, the battle o'er, the devils need not fly,
For they by men are honored and women get their need,
Odd fellows are protected in all their hellish deeds,
Their victim's broken hearted, mother ruined, children
shamed,
Masonic oaths are broken, dishonor is proclaimed.

XI.

A TRIP TO HEAVEN AND CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.

PART I.

HEAVEN.

SWEET is the heaven dream,
Sweeter to angel seem,
Bliss in the heaven home, sleep gives to me,
Sweet the perfumes to breathe
With nought of sin to grieve,
When from the world I have been made free;
Now with the angels play,
Brightest that heaven array,
Glad with the raptures of beauty here gained,
When with the fairest two
Will love forever woo,
Sweetest and purest love never to wane.

First thought to sorrow call,
Soul to earth trouble falls,
Thoughts of the children who from me were torn,
If only had them here,
With those who are so dear,
Here with the angel pair to heaven adorn

Ever then would remain
Nor would the world regain,
Facing disgrace, the shame of the sin,
Here in our heaven home,
In bliss to ever roam,
Happy from trouble—all pleasure begin.

“ What is it that you think ?
What sorrow here to drink ? ”
Sweetly the voices of angels inquire
“ Of children who I know;
Those left in world below
Would they were here with me to admire ! ”
Then came the kisses sweet
With their perfumes to greet;
Soul of the mortal with heaven obtained
“ What are the children, pray ?
Tell of them if you may,
Say if in heaven they are to be gained.”

“ Why, darlings, don't you know
Children from earth may go,
Here in the heaven with you many dwell—
They are the little ones,
Many to Jesus come—
Come they to heaven, now of them. pray, tell ”
“ Oh, now if we could meet
Little ones whom you seek ?

Gladly would welcome them if that we may,
Welcome them with their charms,
Holding them in our arms,
Joyfully, cheerfully, with them would play."

" Then quickly let us roam
To blessed Jesus' home,
You show the way, and now we will go
Guided by angels sweet,
With you would Jesus meet
That I may thank him for blessings bestowed;"

" Why, who is Jesus, dear?
Of Him we may have fear,
For you were we made, for you alone,
With you to heaven come
Our wish is fully done,
With you we would remain, here in our home."

" Sweet angels, don't you know,
Can you not Jesus show,
To one who worshiped Him ever below? "

" We know no other one
Not since we were begun;
On you alone would all love bestow,"

" Then never search for him,
Nor can there be a sin,
If God (or man) you may never see,
Though you are work of their's,

Though you are answered prayers,
Trust them I never will though gods they be."

Not with the fairest two,
Man not yet gods to woo,
From me the love I hold, for angels mine;
If deacons of the earth
And lawyers not of worth
Rob me of coarsest wife in world to find,
What then would happen here,
If God or man appear,
Seeing my angels bright with their perfume?
If God will let me stay
With you alone to play;
Their law is my desire. Oh, happy boon.

" Sweet your caress to me,
Let it forever be;
No search for any one your love to win,
Here in our happy home,
Never from it to roam,
Will be for me from sorrow redeemed."

" So happy now to hear
You will be ever near
To us who love you and ever remain,
Ever together live
Sweet pleasure it will give,
Happy the day we may you detain."

Thus while upon the lawn
With those in heaven born,
Reposing while gazing at clouds ever new,
Soft arms that gently steal,
Sweet breasts to lightly feel,
Heads that enrapture eclipsing the view,
Often in glad delight
For kiss in play to fight,
With closest cuddle in holding to place,
Now with the upper hands
To form o'er me a band,
Their cheeks together with laughter to grace.

Bliss that is here enfused
When angels would amuse,
Rapturous thrill for soul to be soothed,
Delights for mortals stay
When angels o'er him lay,
With contest constant of bodies so smoothe,
Each though in playfulness
Often each other kiss,
Silken and glossy curls fanning my face,
Then with an arm for each
When lovely breasts would reach
Smothered in chastity's celestial place.

Resting on velvet lawn,
Covered with heaven born,

Mellow and palmy when angels allure;
 Elbows on downy bed,
 Hands softly stroking head,
Tranquil the pleasure for passions so pure,
 Birds sweetest song to hear,
 No God or man to fear;
Perfumes enravishing of sweets distilled,
 Clouds softest tints to glide
 While zephyr breeze abide,
Elysium nature for pure love is drilled.

 Enchanting drowsiness
 Coming o'er all of us,
Souls when in heaven so charmingly rest,
 Cheeks added to the bliss,
 Touching with gentle kiss;
Surpassing joyfulness, sleep of the blessed,
 What heaven, heaven reached
 Where soul of soul touched,
Mingling with children so gleeful and gay,
 What the ecstatic scene,
 Sublime to make serene,
When with the angel babes, soul dreaming plays.

PART II.

CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.

Is this the home of heaven's rainbow, that with its halo covers all the land? Is this the place where fell the hail of jewels, that in this rippling crystal stream and on its shores are strewn the brightest gems, for what is this from soul of man to see? Is then ambrosia of the real, and fruit transparent, with beauty color tints within to glide and change with charming variation when picked from tree where sweetest flowers surround the glistening balls, to make of them the pistils for the clustering petals; or if as pistils real can fruit when grown have taste more tempting than these that are of longer kind? Have they give out their tints for ages that now their liquids surpass by far the wines of note in place where what is it from soul when with the body dwells? Must not these flowers be growing in beds perfumed with heaven's sweetest scent as food to gain upon; that with perfumes not strong but gently gliding waves or radiating from the bush or tree to ravish, this that is of soul with gladness, and with charms as though it would seduce this part of soul of man. To let the soul as

sleeping in its heaven home awake from heaven dream to world of sin; without it's this not taught of soul to share its shame and sorrow in its sad suffering case. Can those be clouds above or are they clustering rays of beauty tints, the spirits of the heaven clouds that come to show their radiant softer beauty colors; or are they ornaments made for dress of clouds of real that the heavens of heaven hold? Can it be so that all the beauty cloudlets lower down have knowledge of their being—that they so sport in running play, with jumping o'er each other, or gently gliding by when eye that's watching thought to see them join—to be as one—and now to turn for the renewal of the game, each cloudlet coming joins the sport until the sky at place they hold is filled, each with its own peculiar shade or tint, and gliding in and out where one would chase its mate in winding way through space they find, or crowding by upsetting others if they hold their place and those o'erturned by hurry of the racing ones must cover them who race with tints and hues, to change their beauty as thought to punish with flood resplendent.

Now while I look a greater cloud comes from above and covers all with shade from sun, to change their tints

to milder kind, and then as though with wings enfolds them all until its edges have joined below and drawn at ends to form a ball immense in size, as with its beauty grand; then rolling o'er and o'er in upward flight returning with the spirit cloudlets imprisoned, when oh, the joy it gives to see the little gleaming cloudlets creeping forth from out the holes they must have made for their escape, and with rejoicing taking up the beauty rays that spilled from off the prison ball to fill its path with rapture light.

And now the birds must join the lists and claim the eye with beauty far exceeding clouds if that may be. Their plumage formed in beauty graceful rolls or pendent mates that trail the heaven air, with show of colors deep within with gradual lighter shade to tips, or tipped with deep, the gentler shade within, and like their hues so are their voices, with thrills of song so soft and gentle that though they all may sing at once no harshness with the notes to cause a wish for any one to cease that other sweeter ones may be the better heard, but holds the ear for every note, if formed with thought or wish a bird to fill the wish, complete the chord and others coming join the song when soul of soul would know but for heir coming a discord would have been.

The one alighting on the lawn to have the eye behold, the mind to think, of softness not as sinking deep in velvet feel alone, but soft as sending pleasure through the soul of soul, exceeding pleasures had on earth, even that by man when fairest maid with gentle stroke of forehead or with pressure of cheek to cheek of his. Oh, bliss, oh, ecstatic gladness comes with sound with sweetest notes that man e'er heard, to rob the sense from bliss extreme with intoxicating raptures of highest joy that wins the soul of soul from highest heaven to knowing of the why that heaven is. The love for those that come, for those were wished, for those are now possessed as coming from out the clustering flowers through door of woods "whose beauty must here be passed." Bright children come in play from out the shades of wonder forest, with pleasant pleasure, with happy gleeful laughter, start with running when they see the crystal water of the stream, nor do they stop until with joyful plunge or splash the bath is had. Oh, joy, oh, happy me! to have the scene of bathing angel children, who bathe for play and sport, where naught unclean can be for need of bath, so pure, so clean that mind of man can not conceive, and now the thought to run with them, to gain the stream, to sport, to feel the water cooling and refreshing, as chil-

dren's souls have feeling that they are happier in every change of pleasure of their heaven divine. Delightful bliss the feel that brings the mind to know of pleasure gained, when to the moment of new pleasure thought, was calm charm of ecstasy perfect and never want for pleasure, for change from suffering or from sorrow, a feeling that is unknown at least in children's heaven. What, then, could take its place in this elysium, whose everything that is, to see, to feel, to hear the forms of all the thoughts, the pleasure thrills? Exceeds that is of heaven home for soul of man! As heaven home so grand with all its beauty, its perfections of grandeur, even to the sweetest bliss sublime of mates so fair, Exceeds the world where soul is held for time, in sorrow and in sinful suffering body prison.

The thought to join the angels in their sport has caused this that is from soul of man to move from place of birth. Though with a step of care for glistening gems that looked to wound the feet, a thought not had when seeing angel children swiftly gliding over without a care when they would reach the crystal stream; and oh, exquisite joy, the soothing feel serene of thrills whose tranquil triumph must show how gems are in this

higher heaven prized, to give such feel, while sparkling color rays enrapt the angel foot and at a time when thought of change for better from bliss was had before could not have been.

The water reached, with ripples reaching o'er the feet, as made by sporting angels who are within. To raise the heaven fell of jewel carpet bliss, to feel sublime acme divine, and bring the know that bliss exceeds all thought of mind. To stop the man in tell of limit for the "I am," with have of end for place that knows no end in good in time, in beauty or in anything that is.

A thought is had of moment before the thought to move from place of second heaven birth to waters edge, when with a glance to other shore where lay an angel babe asleep. If soul of soul of man can gain this place where bliss increase with moments of its stay, what then must be the place that's gained by dreaming soul of angel babe, whose angel body lays upon the lawn in shade of flowers whose beauty colors far exceed the tell with pen in this its higher heaven home? Oh, God, what are you now to make a thought so far beyond the thought of you before; that now with children's heaven reached, or from the know of higher heaven dreamed by purest

babe, are you even then away from knowing, then before a heavens reached were thoughts to grasp as mind could think to know? Back now to that of me, the angels see and call for it to enter in and join the heaven sport, when looking down what to behold reflected from the rippling mirror but beauty angel child as standing feet to feet with this, what earthly thought of cause must make me look around to see where near me was the child, to lend its beauty to the rippling waves that gave to face reflected, from the wavelets, laughter look as though reflected form could know of wonder had, and laugh to please its causes self from any fear that might have been if soul was soul of child in place of soul of soul of sinful man, with look to know that none were near, but all within the stream except the sleeping babe that lay upon the lawn of the crystal streamlet's other shore.

The sporting angels must now have had the thought from acts were done, that this of me was newly come, and two sweet angel girls approach and each to take a hand, while all the rest must stand to look, and give the waters rest. Then perfect mirror with the wavelets cease to tell the tale by showing three, the two were

them again in all their perfect loveliness, the one between must needs be this; a child with them in size, in beauty and may be in feel sublime, and those within the stream as standing with the water kissing pretty knees, while waiting with their welcome for the one their two would lead to join their lovely sport while they would teach it children's heaven ways, just then a sound from out the beauty woods that calls the eye to see another group of angles bright, who come to bathe with those now here. The sound of voice so sweet to bring a thought of years that's past with sounds were heard when home was pure; the fairest boy, who leads the racing ones, whose voice has brought the thought so sweet to give more joy where highest joy was had. Now that they stop to see, with look at three who stand without the stream, when oh! the cause of memory's joy, for beauty boy who leads, to cause the break from sweetest pair that ere it saw, and run to meet, to clasp within its arms—It is my son! it is my boy! and he to clasp me in his angel arms with cry, papa, papà; to know me in my child disguise—Oh! sweetest kiss! Oh! Lord my God! what bliss to give poor me; and while we greet the rest must gather round with sweetest smiles, in silence, and to await as though a kiss in turn for further welcome,

each one would gladly give. Oh! if with dare to tell of those who came to lead, the fairest two of all the angel girls, and if they who are in sinful world could but believe, what joy would other hearts, which are, possess with me, to know as I of those they loved in place so grand, so far exceeding all that's thought by man; what fact to call a lie, by those who read to say that as we stood—my boy and I—with look in water mirror that eyes to see, must say of us they are alike in every way; in size, in beauty, in all, in everything.

Just then what caused my eye to wander to a distant place, for sight that takes me from this heaven's heaven, with rush to place, in way I know not of, but with the thought am there and then to gaze in closeness upon three sleeping angels, my Geranium and my Rose, with one an angel man who is their age in looks, and even as they have beauty which far excells all known to man on earth. Then thinking to give glad surprise to all when caught within the one, and made to know with the awake from children's heaven to heaven home that he and I are one.

Though how to be surprised with joy in parts, the parts as perfect each in itself rejoicing when now they

are become as one. I can not tell, nor can I think, but that the meeting was truly had, and that it caused the parts so joined to wake as one, to find itself as when the sleep had come, yet in embrace of its far sweeter mates, who must awake with smile and kiss, when horror sounds what must it be to call "*Chicago!*" and bring me back to world of sin and sorrow. How could the soul have found the body which while it soared to heaven and higher heaven away, had gone the hundred miles upon the route, if only it could have sought the place where sleep began, to find the train as lost, and with it the sorry body prison; then to return and ever stay with angel pair in never ending bliss. Oh, God, why could not that have been? But now must quick arise for dressing to be done to meet the crowds within the city's walls, where, of a million, there is not one to give a word for kindly greeting. Though fresh from heaven just now encased in homeliness that must repel even those who are most humble in their worldly home, here to await in lonesomeness, in sorrow and in shame for time when not a porter gives the call for quick arising; not quick to dress but long to stay at station terminal. With all the joy and gladness that soul can have in heaven, and in children's heaven above.

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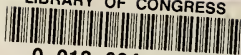
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